THE LIVING AGE

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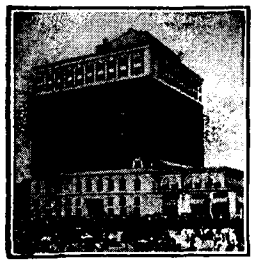

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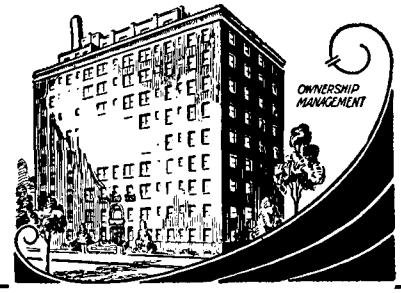

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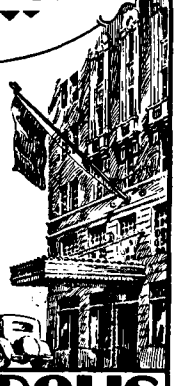

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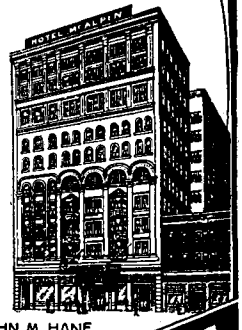

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THE GUIDE POST

THE Bolshevist campaign against Christianity has been pursued with such violence that it has now become the chief target of attack for all opponents of the present Russian Government. In criticizing the Labor Cabinet for having resumed relations with Moscow, the Conservative press of Great Britain has confined its attention almost exclusively to the antireligious policies of the Soviet leaders and Pope Pius is now urging all Christendom to join him on March 19th in praying that the present era of persecution shall come to a speedy end. Particular timeliness is therefore attached to a somewhat similar appeal made by Robert de Traz, editor of the *Revue de Genève*, who takes as his text an almost unnoticed plea for help by an aged prelate of the Orthodox Church.

When the present British Parliament convened, Lloyd George is said to have boasted that he would hold the whip hand because no party enjoyed a clear majority. At the time only small attention was paid to this statement, but it is now generally agreed that the little Liberal leader has become the outstanding figure in the House of Commons. We take from the *New Statesman*, which generally supports Labor, an unprejudiced and not unsympathetic discussion of the present position of British Liberalism.

LOUIS DUMONT-WILDEN contributes a political article to every issue of the *Revue Bleue*, one of the most distinguished semi-monthly reviews in Europe. On this occasion he gives a rather alarming account of the political anarchy that now prevails in Germany, but it should be borne in mind, as the author himself suggests, that the whole political structure is less important in Germany than in some other countries and that the big business leaders will probably be able to pull the nation through any crisis.

Certain unsavory episodes in André Tardieu's career have been scrupulously avoided in all those countries that have been vitally interested in making the London Naval Conference a success. Germany, however, need not be at such pains to smother any unpleasant facts about any of the delegates, and for that reason the *Tagebuch*, a radical Berlin weekly, attacks with gusto the character of Georges Mandel, a wire-pulling politician whose services the present French Premier inherited from M. Clemenceau. Incidentally, the left-wing papers of Paris are just as violent in their denunciations of M. Mandel as any German publication could be.

Julian Huxley, brother of Aldous and grandson of Thomas Henry, has been contributing a series of articles on Africa to the London *Times*. We have space for only part of this material, which gives a vivid picture of the Dark Continent and likewise adds measurably to our respect for the energy and intelligence which the British apply to the business of opening up a new country.

PARIS is all agog over the publication of a book which asserts that the Emperor Francis Joseph had his son and heir, the Archduke Rudolph, put to death, together with Marie Vetsera, and that the child that had been born to this couple avenged their death, years later, by arranging for the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Léon de Poncins, an authority on the Serajevo murder, explains this extraordinary theory in detail and then shows why it is almost wholly without foundation.

ALMOST anything that Hilaire Belloc has to say is worth while and his 'Advice to a Young Man,' written supposedly for Christmas consumption, holds good at any time of the year. Its ironic moral seems particularly well suited to American consumption.

As certain keen-eyed readers may observe, our present issue contains no illustrations at all. It has been our aim since September to return as far as possible to the older LIVING AGE policies, which laid all the emphasis on editorial content. The response we have met with up to now convinces us that we are justified in dropping the half dozen or so pictures we have been running, for in that way we are adding the equivalent of two or three pages of text.

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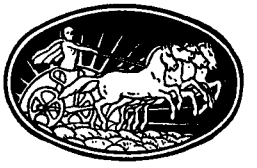
Founded 1844  By E. Littell

MARCH 1, 1930 VOLUME 338, NUMBER 4357

THE WORLD OVER

THE ATTITUDE OF GREAT BRITAIN toward signing the Optional Clause by which members of the League of Nations bind themselves to accept the jurisdiction of the World Court in all legal disputes offers an illuminating contrast with the attitude of the United States toward joining the Court at all. In England, as in America, there exists a powerful and highly articulate group of irreconcilables who dread the idea of subjecting their country to the whims of any foreign tribunal, and on both sides of the Atlantic these corresponding elements still enjoy a measure of prestige. Of course the proximity of the British Isles to the European mainland has forced them to venture some little distance along the path of international coöperation, but in spite of Mr. MacDonald's manifest good will toward all mankind, there are even certain members of his own party—and Mr. Snowden is one of them—who still preserve the traditions of British isolation.

Two editorials, one in the Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, the other in the Conservative *Morning Post*, express the two conflicting points of view on this subject and suggest at once certain analogies between the debates that raged about Mr. Wilson in 1919 and that will again be heard in the course of the coming months while the Senate is waiting to

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4

PREMIER SCHOBER of AUSTRIA arrives in ROME and visits MUSSOLINI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5

PRESIDENT ORTIZ RUBIO of MEXICO is wounded by an ASSASSIN'S BULLET shortly after his INAUGURATION to office.

STANLEY BALDWIN outlines the policy of the CONSERVATIVE PARTY, advocating SAFEGUARDING but not EMPIRE FREE TRADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6

BANK OF ENGLAND DISCOUNT RATE drops from 5 per cent to 4½ per cent.

SECRETARY STIMSON announces that GREAT BRITAIN and the UNITED STATES have agreed on ABSOLUTE NAVAL PARITY.

EGYPTIAN WAFDIST GOVERNMENT is empowered by the DEPUTIES to enter into negotiations with GREAT BRITAIN on the basis of the HENDERSON DRAFT TREATY PROPOSALS.

KING ALFONSO of SPAIN signs a GENERAL AMNESTY freeing all POLITICAL PRISONERS who have been jailed, exiled, or prosecuted at any time during his reign.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7

DR. FERNANDO MELLO VIANNA, VICE PRESIDENT of BRAZIL, is shot three times in the neck during a POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION.

AUSTRIA and ITALY sign a treaty of friendship and conciliation providing for judicial settlement of all disputes.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8

POPE PIUS urges the CHRISTIAN WORLD to join him in prayers on *March* 19th for the cessation of BOLSHEVIST OPPRESSION of CHRISTIANITY.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10

CARDINAL PACELLI is appointed PAPAL SECRETARY of STATE to succeed CARDINAL GASPARRI.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11

DR. HUGENBERG makes his first appearance in the REICHSTAG as leader of the GERMAN NATIONALIST PARTY and attacks the YOUNG PLAN.

The CREDITO ITALIANO and the BANCA NAZIONALE DI CREDITO, two of ITALY'S 'Big Four' banks, amalgamate.

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vote on the entrance of America into the World Court. The *Manchester Guardian* at once launches into an attack. 'There is no reason,' it says, 'why the Conservative Party should not stand for law and order in international affairs just as steadfastly as it does in domestic affairs.' And here is the essence of its case in behalf of the Optional Clause:—

> There can hardly be anything more certain than that the great body of public opinion in this country, and probably in all civilized countries, is determined that, so far as possible, international disputes shall be settled by peaceful means and not by war. The only sure alternative to war is universal arbitration. No doubt we shall get that in time. For the moment we must be content with less. The first and most obvious thing is to accept arbitration with such states—about forty—as are also willing to pledge themselves, and to include within the scope of arbitration only such matters—namely, matters of fact and of law—as readily lend themselves to judicial decision. For that modest step forward the country is fully prepared, and probably has been for many years. The Optional Clause commits us to nothing which we ought not to be perfectly willing to accept. If we have abandoned the rule of war, as by the Kellogg Pact all civilized states have abandoned it, we must substitute the rule of law. Is it possible to conceive of any legal dispute which we ought not (failing all other means of peaceful settlement) to be willing to refer to the Hague Court? The Government have searched and found, in effect, no such case.

The one real danger that this paper recognizes is the possibility that Great Britain's obligations to the League may lead to trouble with the United States, but if such an eventuality should arise it feels quite safe in assuming that 'the United States will not completely ignore the distinction between those who observe and those who ignore international obligations.'

The *Morning Post*, on the other hand, looks upon the Optional Clause as 'another surrender of power from the British Parliament to the League of Nations' and then launches into this offensive:—

> That clause is only optional in the sense that members of the League are free to accept it or reject it; but, if they sign it, then it becomes a compulsory obligation. Our Government propose to pledge themselves to put our national affairs—even such matters as involve the honor and security of our country—at the hazard of an outside authority. The Permanent Court of International Justice is a body on which Great Britain must always be in a minority; it administers no real law, for, to be frank about what is called international law, it is what anybody likes to make it. To what code can it appeal? By what institutes is it governed? Who is to act as its sheriff, supposing we win the suit and the other party refuses to accept the judgment? We note that the Irish conspiracy to use this Court as a wedge to disrupt the Empire has been foiled to this extent, that all the Dominions and Great Britain also—the whole British Empire, save only the Irish Free State—make the reservation of disputes between themselves, and domestic matters. Then there is a curious proviso that disputes may be referred to the Council of the League before they are placed before the Court. But, generally speaking, we have tied ourselves up to appear in this foreign Court whenever any other country chooses to raise a case against us. Egypt, for example, when she becomes a member of the League, can drag

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York announce that special prayers of intercession for Russia will be held in all Anglican churches on *March* 16th.

Ramsay MacDonald appoints a staff of fifteen experts, headed by Sir Arthur Balfour, Vice President of the International Chamber of Commerce, to serve as an 'economic general staff.'

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13

Enrique Olaya Herrera, Liberal candidate for the presidency of the Republic of Colombia and former minister to Washington, is conceded the election over his Conservative opponent.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Opium Committee of the League of Nations closes its longest session, unanimously agreeing on a plan to limit the manufacture of narcotic drugs.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15

King Alfonso of Spain abolishes the National Consultative Assembly created by Primo de Rivera.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17

Tardieu Cabinet falls by a vote of 286 to 281 on a financial measure.

Local soviets shut every church in Chita, Siberia, and agitations begin for closing all churches in Moscow and Leningrad.

Lord Beaverbrook launches a new political party known as the United Empire to promote free trade within the British Empire.

Conference for Concerted Economic Action opens at Geneva to discuss a European tariff truce.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities appeals to President Hoover not to recognize the Soviet Government as long as it continues its religious persecutions.

Lord Rothermere, whose newspapers enjoy a total circulation of 4,000,000 copies, endorses Lord Beaverbrook's United Empire Party.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19

London Naval Arms Conference adjourns for a week due to the Cabinet crisis in France.

Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson refuses to disclose to the House of Commons the report of the British Ambassador to Moscow on religious persecution in Russia.

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> us into an action at international law over the interpretation of the Treaty. China, we suppose, could bring us into court over extraterritoriality. There is, in fact, no limit to the vexations and expenses we may be called upon to undergo if we accept this obligation: we exchange our sovereign independence for the ruling of a body of mainly foreign jurists. Mr. Henderson seems to hope that we can somehow exclude the belligerent rights of the Royal Navy; but, as there is no specific reservation on that score, it seems to us that 'the freedom of the seas' may also become a subject of litigation. We may be quite certain that no Continental jurist will ever agree with the British view of that question.

With this frank admission that the interests of the British Empire and the interests of Europe must forever remain at odds, Liberal opinion would hardly agree.

BRITISH PRESS COMMENTS on the maximum fourteen-year sentence imposed on Clarence Hatry for issuing fraudulent stock certificates show how highly London prizes its reputation for financial integrity. The presiding judge said that the prisoner 'stood convicted on his own confession of the most appalling frauds that have ever disfigured the commercial reputation of this country—frauds far more serious than any which have been committed within the last fifty years.' All the most important daily papers devoted leading editorials to the subject and the two outstanding financial weeklies, the *Statist* and the *Economist*, commented at length on the case, all of them arguing that the fourteen-year sentence was richly deserved. Although small investors were not affected and although Hatry confessed his guilt, he had sinned against British honesty and for that reason received no mercy.

Other activities of the City have also been coming in for prominent comment in the news. The drop in the discount rate of the Bank of England was not appreciated any the less because it had been foreseen, but there was less enthusiasm about a new departure in investment policy upon which the same institution has just embarked. Some weeks ago Mr. J. H. Thomas referred to the efforts of the City to help industry, provided industry would help itself, and it now appears that the Bank of England has put $1,250,000 into an installment finance company, in spite of the fact that the Wall Street crash confirmed many Britishers in their opinion that installment buying always leads to disaster. The *Nation and Athenæum* offers this disapproving comment:—

> It is a little disconcerting to read at this juncture that the United Dominions Trust has arranged with the Bank of England for a subscription of £250,000 worth of share capital to extend the scope of its operations. This company provides credit for consumers for the purchase of useful and necessary British goods. The new issue is welcomed as contributing to the development of British industry. It may be pointed out that the Bank of England is a central bank, and the chief function of a central bank is to control currency and credit, not to compete with financial houses in the City in arranging capital issues.

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THE SAME PRINCIPLE of regional accords that has been applied so successfully on the continent of Europe—notably in the Locarno Pact—may be extended to cover sea as well as land. The French press has been taking satisfaction in the fact that certain British publicists have been repeating Lord D'Abernon's demand, made in 1925, for an agreement guaranteeing the neutrality of the English Channel. 'Scrutator,' an influential contributor to the Conservative reviews, asks these significant questions in the *Sunday Times* of London:—

> Was it not strange that we should commit ourselves to the defense of the Franco-German frontiers against aggression by either Power, and yet ask for no reciprocal guarantee on our own exposed frontier toward America and in the Channel? Is it too late now? Would it not be reasonable for us now to ask for this guarantee in the only form in which it could be given—a reduction by France of her cruiser and submarine shipbuilding and a guarantee to neutralize the Channel from the destruction of the sea-borne commerce of either by the attacks of either's cruisers and submarines? Such an agreement would be a great stroke both for disarmament and security, and it might well be reinforced by a corresponding Pact of Peace with France in the Mediterranean.

LORD IRWIN'S vice-regal speech before the Legislative Assembly in Delhi outlined the three aims that the British have been pursuing in India for the past ten years. First of all, the viceroy has again pointed out that the ultimate goal for India is 'self-government within the Empire,' in other words, dominion status. Secondly, the form of partial government that the country now enjoys is due for revision. This is the problem which the Simon Commission has been attacking, and until its report is published 'a proper reticence on the next stage of constitutional development in India must,' in the opinion of the London *Times*, 'be the second element in British policy.' The third point in the viceroy's speech had to do with the preservation of law and order. Although Gandhi and his followers do not advocate violence, their demands for complete and immediate independence, together with their denunciations of British tyranny, may well lead to bloodshed. The Conservative *Morning Post* urges Lord Irwin not to 'delay or waver in standing by his recent declaration,' adding that 'any reluctance to take up the challenge which is even now being so insolently thrown down might easily lead to disaster.'

THE STATISTICS for French foreign trade during 1929 indicate that at least one country in the world is enjoying real prosperity. Both in value and in volume the imports and exports of France have soared above pre-War levels, the total imports in 1929 having amounted to $2,330,000,000—a 39% increase over 1913—and the total exports to

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$2,000,000,000—a 45% increase. The adverse balance of $330,000,000 represents a relatively smaller amount than the corresponding figure in 1913 and it is explained by the item of 'invisible exports.' For a short time after the War, France showed a favorable trade balance, but this was due to the fact that her foreign investments had fallen off heavily. Since that date, she has been putting more money into foreign securities, yet at the same time importing more and more gold. The tourist trade also helps to swell the invisible exports and, though it fell off in 1929, it did not prevent the country as a whole from enjoying an increased prosperity. It is significant, perhaps, that the growth in the value of imports is particularly marked in the cases of food, drink, and raw materials, while the increased exports chiefly take the form of manufactured goods.

IT IS THIS remarkable record of economic progress that explains in large measure the new and greater concern that France is showing in relation to the problem of her own security. The fear of German aggression that animated Clemenceau at Versailles has been replaced in his successor, Tardieu, by a desire to consolidate the great gains that the country has made during the past ten years. The following paragraph from the semi-official *Temps* just about sums up the present French state of mind in regard to obligations overseas:—

> These needs are such that no power conscious of its own responsibilities can fail to understand them without also failing to do justice to itself. We have coasts of our own on three seas and colonial coasts that are more extensive than those of any nation in the world except Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. We have the second most important colonial empire in the world, in respect to both territory and population. Including its colonies, France is an empire of one hundred million inhabitants scattered over every ocean in the world and, like the British Empire, we need maritime security to safeguard our economic unity and military defenses. These arguments the English and the Americans cannot fail to understand.

GERMAN POLITICS are in a chaotic condition and it is hardly necessary to add much to what M. Dumont-Wilden has to say on the subject elsewhere in this issue. The recent activities of the German Communists have, however, caused considerable alarm and the *Berliner Tageblatt* remarks that 'Moscow obviously, as in 1923, regards the situation in Germany as "revolutionary" and this time hopes to realize what was then frustrated by the resistance of the German Communists.' In spite of the existing treaties and the professions of friendship between the two countries, the authorities of the Third International have been pouring men and money into Germany and organizing groups of

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Germans to visit certain carefully selected districts in Russia. Such a concentrated effort to unseat the existing order may, however, help to strengthen the present Government by providing a common rallying ground for the disaffected members of Chancellor Müller's Coalition Cabinet. Dr. Schacht provided, of course, a momentary distraction, but according to the Berlin correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, he is not likely to be dislodged. The same observer prophesies that 'the Müller Cabinet will continue to live from day to day, going from compromise to compromise, because nobody wants to provoke an insoluble ministerial crisis.'

THE PROBLEM OF MINORITIES—in other words, the fate of some thirty million Europeans who, as a result of the peace treaties, are living under alien rule—represents a growing menace to the peace of the world. Theoretically the League Council deals with any infringement of the civil, religious, or educational liberty of any minority group, but in practice almost nothing has been done and in many countries the oppression of the central government is increasing. The *Manchester Guardian* devotes a strong leading editorial to the subject, drawing particular attention to present injustices in Poland and Yugoslavia:—

> In Poland the German Government has been able to do a little, though not very much, for the German minority, whose leader, Dr. Ulitz, is to be tried on a trumped-up charge by a Polish court at Kattowitz in March. But the Russian Government has been able to do nothing for the White Russians and Ukrainians who live under a kind of permanent Black-and-Tannery in Eastern Poland—and no other Government cares. In Yugoslavia the minorities have always fared badly, and since the dictatorship was proclaimed a year ago their lot has grown steadily worse. So trivial are the exceptions that it is no overstatement to say that the 'minority treaties' might as well not exist, that the League has failed almost completely as warden of the rights it was to have upheld (it has simply shelved ninety-nine out of every hundred petitions or complaints coming from the minorities or on their behalf), and that the Great Powers (except when, as in the case of Germany, they are directly interested) have made no real effort to see that the treaties are kept. And yet the case is perfectly clear and action easy. If one Great Power were to call the attention of the League to some of the crasser violations of the 'minority treaties' (as by the treaties themselves the Powers on the Council are authorized to do), then the effect would at once be very great indeed. The violations that go on year after year are such that they could not for long survive the glare of publicity that would thus be turned upon them. And there is one Great Power well fitted, by reason of her immense influence and of her disinterestedness, to carry out this task—England.

THE RESUMPTION OF TRAFFIC on the Chinese Eastern Railway marks the end of a six-months' interval during which the fastest main route connecting the Western world with the Pacific has

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been out of commission. In the course of this period many miles of track were torn up by both the Russians and the Chinese, electrical communications were destroyed, and stations and freight yards burned. Neither the costliness of the struggle nor the fact that both contending parties had signed the Kellogg Pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy deterred them from their wasteful course of action, but now that they have repented of their folly they are showing themselves as zealous in reconditioning the railroad as they were in tearing it apart only a few months ago. A leading editorial in the *Daily Telegraph* of London sums up the situation in these words:—

> The Soviet Government has maintained its position by the use of force; and it will, of course, continue to make of that position the illegitimate and treacherous use of which the Chinese Government has long complained. Ever since the defeat, two years ago, of Moscow's hopes of bringing Nationalist China into the Communist camp, the Russian control of the Chinese Eastern Railway has been employed as an agency for hostile propaganda, and Harbin has been a hive of espionage and intrigue. The quarrel might have been ended long before it was, and on the same terms, if the Chinese overtures had not been disregarded—with the intention, it was naturally presumed, of depriving the Nanking Government of Manchurian aid in its struggle for existence. A Soviet force so large as to confound the anticipations of military experts was sent to invade Manchuria without a declaration of war; and this was done by a Government which had so cordially embraced the principles of the Kellogg Pact as to conclude, before that pact came into force, similar treaties with its Western neighbor states. If the Chinese defiance of right was barefaced, the answering aggression was a deliberate and totally gratuitous act of violence and a cynical repudiation of the Soviet Government's own pledge.

AMERICA IS NOT THE ONLY nation whose countryside is afflicted with the billboard blight, but it does seem that they order these matters better in England, to judge from an editorial paragraph in the *Saturday Review* of London:—

> The decision of Messrs. Eno to place no advertisement of theirs where it would mar the beauty of the surroundings is warmly to be commended. Following on the similarly public-spirited decision of Shell-Mex and other important concerns, this marks a development which may proceed apace if only the public will encourage it. Beyond question, the firms which restrict their own liberty in regard to advertisement make a sacrifice. It rests with the public to see that the amount of that sacrifice is reduced to the minimum. We cannot urge people to buy poor articles merely because they are not blatantly advertised in beauty spots; but when the articles are good, the producers ought to be given speedy proof that their self-denial is appreciated by the consuming public. 'Slogan' is a dreadful word in its commercial and journalistic uses, but we will take leave to suggest a 'slogan'—'When you see a bit of country undefiled by glaring advertisements, think gratefully of those who have abstained from defiling it.'

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RUSSIA'S VAIN APPEAL

A Religious Persecution among the Soviets

By Robert de Traz

Translated from the *Revue de Genève,* Geneva Literary and Political Monthly

WE BEG OUR PUBLIC to read attentively the following appeal that Monsignore Antoine, president of the Synod of the Orthodox Russian Church abroad, delivered to the press last November and that very few journals reproduced.

WE ARE receiving news from the Far East that sears our heart. Red regiments sacking China have fallen cruelly upon Russian refugees who had taken shelter on that country's hospitable soil. Whole villages of Russian émigrés have been destroyed, men have been killed, women violated, and even children have been slain. No mercy has been shown to the weak or to the sick, to the young or to the old. The entire unarmed Russian population now dwelling on Chinese territory has been shot and slaughtered with unparalleled cruelty and submitted to horrible tortures. A priest was fastened to the tail of a horse; women have been violated and mutilated. Children have had their feet cut off and have been thrown into wells. Still other women have had their faces crushed under pitiless heels. Old men have been shot and the rivers are red with the blood of terrified victims, women and children, who attempted to flee and were shot down by Red machine guns.

The blood freezes in our veins when we read the news that dependable witnesses bring us concerning the cruelty of the Reds in the part of China they have invaded. One's whole being shudders at the thought of this bloody destruction of unarmed people and innocent children. The bishops and all the clergy of the Far East are crying out in desperation and the organized Russian émigrés and their press are protesting, but no reply has been heard, no word of consolation; no one so much as makes a gesture of aid.

When we consider the protests that followed the outbreaks in Palestine and the excitement that seized certain nations at that time, and when we compare this to the silence that now prevails, we are led to believe that the world desires the destruction of the Russian people. Twelve years now the impostors of Moscow have been devastating the soul of Russia and destroying our culture; temples have been annihilated, ancient sanctuaries profaned, the clergy and faithful persecuted. Prisons are filled with innocent people who are rotting away and

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dying of hunger. The most refined tortures are applied, tortures so exquisitely dreadful that even the most sombre pages of history look pale beside them. Every effort is made to increase the atmosphere of terror, and yet all the nations of the world remain mute and hold their peace. Some have even entered into open relations with these malefactors although they know precisely what cruelties and horrors are being perpetrated.

To-day I, an old man, address the world. To you, nations, and to you, statesmen, and to you, allies of the Russia whose sacrifice helped to win the War, to you, Slavic peoples, brothers by blood and by faith, to whom Russia has given her dearest children, to you I appeal to lift up your voices in defense of a nation that is being destroyed. Put an end to the cruelty of Red tyranny. If you do not do this in the name of God do it in the name of humanity, of civilization, of disarmament. Prove your humanitarianism and your culture. You have in your hands the means to put an end to all this violence. And you, shepherds of men, who convene every year to discuss how the Holy Gospel can be applied to our daily lives, you who wish to establish a moral, peaceful order in the world, begin the work that you have undertaken in Soviet Russia. Draw the attention of your flocks to that country where the Holy Gospels are being persecuted, where morality has been abolished and religion suppressed, where God Himself is blasphemed. Your duty is to unite nations by affirming the principles contained in the Gospels, yet you have never raised your voices against all this sacrilege. You have remained deaf to the cries of the Russian people, but lend an ear to my appeal and raise your voices. A weak old man like myself cannot alone bear aid to my people, I can only ask for help. I have done this more than once but to-day I do it again, and with my voice are mingled the cries and appeals of my anguished people.

Yugoslavia, November 18, 1929.

IT IS obvious that distress and sickness and perhaps privations are troubling this dignitary of the Orthodox Church. Trembling, stammering, his eyes red with tears, can this poor old man imagine that his plea interests us? We are well aware that Russia is full of massacres and tortures. We accept this fact as we do our three meals a day. We get thrills out of motion pictures with imaginary stories and we pay court to women who will never be violated. We have cultivated sensitive natures. The filth that some people want us to breathe disgusts us. The brawls in which some people would have us mingle terrify us. We also go to church to make sure that our souls are saved. Let us not be disturbed by news of profaned sanctuaries or prisons filled with innocent victims 'rotting away and dying of hunger' or of children being assassinated.

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Monsignore, you know that Ramsay MacDonald, a practising Christian, and Mr. Henderson, whom I have seen with my own eyes giving every evidence of the most touching sort of piety at a religious service, you know that these two ministers of George V, 'King by the grace of God,' are just resuming official relations with the Soviets, with the remorseless enemies of Christianity. You are not unaware that M. Herriot, a grateful son of the French Revolution and as such an apostle of equal rights, individual liberty, tolerance, and peace on earth, felt, when he was in office, that nothing was more important than reopening relations with the Soviets, who have suppressed individual liberty and are wielding a bloody despotism and maintaining the largest army in the world.

Nor are you ignorant of the fact that last November Ambassador Krestinski organized a great festivity to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution and that all Berlin rallied to his cause. One recognized in the brilliant throng Herr Curtius, Herr von Schubert, Herr Trendelenburg, numerous members of the Reichstag, and distinguished representatives of the *Reichswehr* and of the world of literature and art. There were flowers, champagne, music, and general congratulations. No one would ever do so much for you, Monsignore, for you are unhappy and a vagabond. Perhaps you could address yourself to the Vatican, where you would certainly receive kind words, but one must be strong to win real support there, and you, Monsignore, admit that you are feeble, which is unpardonable. Remember also that, during the Genoa conference, the archbishop representing the Vatican proposed a friendly toast to the Bolshevist delegates. Moreover, the Pope is trying to defend Roman Catholic interests in Russia and therefore would readily sacrifice the whole of Orthodox Christianity.

What would happen if you turned to the Alliance of Churches working for world peace? To the Stockholm Continuation Committee? I do not believe that the fate of your followers would interest these meetings, which, as you say, discuss the application of the Gospel to our daily lives. The great advantage of discussion is that it dispenses with action. We sympathize with your sufferings, to be sure, but when a crime possesses a certain degree of horror and is committed at a certain distance the human imagination can no longer visualize it, and although a hundred people, or a thousand people, or a million people should be killed in distant Russia we should be less stirred than if a dog were run over by an automobile and howled and bled before our eyes.

MONSIGNORE, are you not making a grave error when you invoke Christian solidarity, a psychological error, an historical error? You forget that we are no longer Christians. Mussolini is not one, neither is Tardieu nor Chancellor Müller of Germany. Are the crowds

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of workers who pour out of factories every day and fill streets in the immense working-class districts Christians? And are the elegant inhabitants of the luxurious parts of town Christians either? There is talk of a religious renaissance only because certain intellectuals are undergoing spiritual crises; whereas, in point of fact, religious disaffection is spreading widely through town and country and the ranks of the clergy are not being filled. In spite of certain trivial appearances Christianity is becoming more and more an obscure and despised sect.

You call for aid, Monsignore, but why should we make even the least gesture to help you? We have been taught to hate each other. Karl Marx preaches class hatred; André Gide, family and sex hatred; the expressionists preach hatred between the different generations, and the nationalists preach hatred between the different countries. The modern man rises grumbling from his bed, goes to do a piece of work he detests, rubs up against his neighbors, and searches for distractions that only bore him. All the ties of affection, respect, and gratitude are cut. We avoid each other and understand each other less and less. Solitude is increasing and your appeal, Monsignore, is destined, like all other modern appeals, to receive no reply.

The other day in Siberia the Soviet authorities forbade the people of Slavgorod to build a church and the people decided to fight for freedom of belief, but the authorities summoned the group and shot its priests. On another occasion sixteen men were sentenced to execution and twenty-seven others to deportation. When this verdict was announced one of the prisoners, who had displayed magnificent courage throughout the trial, cried, 'Christ is risen!' Members of any religious group in Russia are declared to be servants of a cult and are deprived of all rights, laden with tasks, and condemned to starve because they are allowed no bread cards. A short time ago Princess Lieven was thrown into prison because she had read the Bible to her children. Only atheist propaganda is permitted in Russia and regular atheist congresses are held that are given over to anti-Christian lectures and demonstrations. The Commissar of Public Instruction prescribed that all schools must bring up children without any religion. More and more churches are being closed and the last priests are being deported.

YET all over Russia to-day, and not only in Slavgorod, peasants are revolting and demanding spiritual satisfactions. Secret societies are multiplying and the Gospel is being spread from house to house. A mysterious Christian propaganda is insinuating itself in the factories, mines, and barracks. The blood of martyrs is reviving the true faith and persecutions are giving the Church new life. A priest in the Chernigov government begged the Orthodox believers and the Baptist group to come to an understanding, crying out to them, 'Brothers, we should not

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be rivals in hatred but rivals in Christian love.' Secret agreements have been made by the religious groups and a vast, subterranean federation extends throughout all Russia. A committee made up of members of the Orthodox Church, Evangelists, Mohammedans, and Zionists has just published this declaration, 'We are all brothers because we all believe in God though we adore him in different ways.'

This Christianity to which Monsignore Antoine vainly appeals, this Christianity of which Europe seems to be incapable, will perhaps return to us from Russia. For when the Bolshevist domination finally collapses we shall hear free Russian voices and perhaps we ought to fling ourselves on our knees to listen to them, in humiliation and remorse. For they will say to us, 'We made supplication to you and you stopped your ears. You have proclaimed universal peace but you have excluded us from it. You are proud of your wealth and your culture but you have allowed us to linger in misery. You could not even make a gesture or think a thought in our behalf. You were the accomplices of hangmen. Do you dare to look up in our eyes when we finally file out of the tomb that you refused to open?'

Who knows but that these future Russians, transfigured by horrible experiences, may teach us what we have forgotten, that is, to love each other? These whom you consider as lost, Monsignore, the victims of machine guns, the prisoners, the stabbed, the weak, and the solitary, all of them, both living and dead, will perhaps some day prove through their sacrifice and their example to be the saviors of the Occident.

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WHAT ABOUT THE LIBERALS?

England Adopts the Three-Party System

By a Laborite

From the *New Statesman,* London Independent Weekly

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech at the National Liberal Club last Monday attracted a good deal of public attention, but not, we think, quite as much attention as it really deserved. In effect it was a manifesto setting forth, not merely the present attitude of the Liberal Party toward the present Labor Government, but the principles which must necessarily govern the action of political groups in any Parliament where the Government has no clear majority of its own.

There is nothing more important, we believe, at the present juncture in the political life of Great Britain than the creation of a general understanding of this particular problem. The group system, in Mr. Lloyd George's view, has come to stay, and we agree with him. There seems not the slightest prospect of a party which polled 5,300,000 votes at the last election being rapidly wiped out. If the Liberals can secure any reasonable measure of electoral reform their numbers in the House of Commons will certainly be doubled at the next general election. But even without any such adventitious concession of electoral justice, the Liberals are likely to remain the ultimately controlling factor in the political life of the country for many years to come. The accident of 1924 is not likely to occur again. There is only a remote possibility of any party securing a clear working majority over the other two. The Liberals obviously cannot do so. The Labor Party cannot do so until it abandons altogether a constitution which is based primarily upon class distinctions—which it may or may not do some day or other. As for the Conservatives, they have had their day, and the bad use of it they made under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin seems to render it unlikely, though not impossible, that they will ever again be afforded a similar chance. All reasonable prognostications of the future, at any rate, must be based upon the assumption that we are about to enter upon an era of minority government such as we have to-day.

That means that we must all readjust our ideas. The two-party system has disappeared, probably forever. The idea of the Tories and the Laborists that the Liberal Party could be wiped out was always nonsensical. There must always be a very large group of English men

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and women who, while they will not accept the ideals of the Primrose League, of Property and Protection, are yet unable to accept the authority of a party whose control is ultimately vested in the votes and funds of the organized trade union working class. It is not, indeed, inconceivable that in the course of a generation the Liberal Party may again become the dominant party in Great Britain. Anyhow, it will not die. How can it die? Few of us are strict Socialists, few of us are true-blue Tories. Liberalism is the obvious middle way at the present moment.

BUT we are offering no plea for Liberalism in any party sense. Liberalism means Nonconformity and Mrs. Grundyism and the closing of public houses a quarter of an hour earlier and all sorts of sillinesses of that kind. It calls itself 'liberal,' yet loves to suppress popular activities and indulgences of which its strong Nonconformist section happens to approve. It is indeed the most tiresomely tyrannical of all parties. It believes it can promote morality by legislation. Neither of the other two parties entertains any such illusion. It is an odd fact that Liberalism should be associated with such suppressions. If ever there were a Liberal Party that was really liberal and would delete the word, *verboten*, from its dictionary, it would certainly sweep the country.

But that is only by the way. The real problem that has to be considered at the moment is the attitude which other parties ought to assume toward a minority government. For if groups have come to stay, so have minority governments. The present government does not seem wholly to have grasped the position as yet, and this is why Mr. Lloyd George's speech is interesting and really important. The Labor Government represents only a minority of the British electorate. In certain of its proceedings, in the present Naval Conference, for example, it can certainly speak for the whole nation, but in domestic affairs it must enlist Liberal support or else resign—a hard dilemma, perhaps, but a dilemma which certainly must be faced.

No one wants to have a fresh election or to turn the Labor Government out. The Liberal attitude is certainly entirely benevolent. Many Liberals, indeed, would join the Labor Party if its internal constitution were other than it is. But naturally the Liberals will never consent to act as the servants of Labor until their rights of independent judgment are ungrudgingly recognized. They cannot be expected to accept the designation of 'traitors' merely because they oppose—as on the defective Coal Bill—measures about which they have never been consulted. Minority government implies compromise. There is no reason we know of why the Labor and Liberal Parties should not work together quite happily for the next two or three years. The two parties have almost

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nothing to quarrel about. From a political point of view, Mr. Lloyd George and several of his colleagues are well to the 'left' of certain members of the Government—such as Mr. Thomas, for example. Why then should there not be peace and coöperation? The Labor Party, we think, is quite wrong in believing that it has anything to lose by being friendly to the Liberals. It seems to have a sort of 'inferiority complex'—a feeling, that is to say, that if it ever admits any appreciation of the virtues of Liberalism it will endanger its own soul—not to mention its electoral organization.

THESE absurdities cannot be avoided, but at least the Government might realize that it has everything to gain and nothing to lose by a general *rapprochement* with the Liberals. There is so much that the two parties could do together. Mr. MacDonald's personal dislike of Mr. Lloyd George is the prime difficulty, but statesmen have no right to indulge their personal feelings. The two parties could certainly work together for a long time without any serious friction if only personal feelings could be ignored.

At all events, it is necessary that the implications of a three-party system should be studied and understood. The Labor Party possesses no majority of its own, nor is it ever (with its present constitution) likely to do so. The group system has come to stay, and it is important that the leaders of the Labor Party, from the Prime Minister downward, should realize this fact and should adapt its organization accordingly. Otherwise we may have another political disaster like that of 1924, when an almost imbecile government representing only a minority of the electorate obtained a great majority in the House of Commons. Such a political disaster may happen again if Laborists and Conservatives combine again in any attempt to smash the Liberal Party. Laborism needs Liberalism to help it. It cannot stand alone, except as a purely class party, and as a class party it can never rule England. We want a national, not a trade unionist government.

Mr. Lloyd George's ideas are on the face of them sound. He certainly does not want to turn the Labor Government out, but he quite naturally demands a certain degree of civility and coöperation from a Government which expects him to keep it in power. These elementary conditions of group government ought certainly to be recognized, and Mr. Lloyd George's speech should go a long way toward forcing the Labor Government to face the realities of the situation. He can turn the Government out on almost any day he likes. So why treat him as a nonentity? The Liberal Party is not, nor ever will be, a nonentity. It represents an important section of the electorate, and cannot be hoped out of existence. It can be used or abused, as the Prime Minister chooses, but it cannot be crushed, and it is the business of a government to do

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what it can do and to be silent about what it cannot. In any case we can perceive no national advantage at all in the attacking of Mr. Lloyd George about errors of judgment for which he was responsible many years ago. The letting of bygones be bygones must inevitably be the rule of any effective political criticism. What matters is not what Mr. Lloyd George did ten or twelve years ago, but what he is going to do to-morrow. Certainly he is not going to turn the Labor Government out if he can help it. It was a very good speech that he made.

GERMANY'S ACHES AND PAINS

What Will 1930 Bring?

By L. Dumont-Wilden

Translated from the *Revue Bleue*, Paris Literary and Political Fortnightly

MANY CENTENARIES ARE going to be celebrated this year, for 1830 was a year of revolution. There were uprisings in France and Belgium, insurrections in Poland, and upheavals in Germany and Hungary. But 1830 was also a year of high hopes. The revolutions in France and Belgium had broken the system of the Holy Alliance and had consecrated the first decisive victories of parliamentary liberalism, a principle that was destined to impose itself on all Europe during the nineteenth century. But alas! In spite of all the oratory that is going to be used and the numberless official ceremonials now being prepared, this year of centenaries will serve only to consecrate the numberless deceptions that the nineteenth century brought in its wake. There is no such thing as a good system of government; there are merely systems that are more or less bad.

What characterizes our period is the series of difficulties that parliamentary nations are encountering as they attempt to solve the immense problems that a changing social system has brought forth. For in 1930 the whole world is in a state of revolution. In certain countries like Italy and Spain where the parliamentary system had not become deeply rooted it has simply been suppressed, while in the old parliamentary countries like France and England we are witnessing an attempt to adapt the régime to new social conditions. But in countries

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like Poland and Germany, where parliaments have been imported recently, almost insurmountable obstacles have arisen.

The case of Germany is of particular interest to us, for whatever guarantees we may obtain on paper, the payment of debts and reparations will depend ultimately on the strength and solidity of the government of the Reich. And at the present moment there is nothing very encouraging about the country, either from the political or the economic point of view, for politically, economically, and financially Germany is undergoing a crisis that explains in part the difficulties her negotiators have had to face.

EVER since the Republic was established no stable, solid majority has existed in the Reichstag. The same situation exists in every parliament, but what complicates matters in Germany is the internal crisis in each of the separate parties. The Nationalist group, to which we refer for convenience sake as the Nationalist Party, is in the gravest condition of any. The fact that 5,800,000 people voted for Hugenberg's project and instituted a plebiscite on the Young Plan seemed to us at first a cause of some anxiety, for, though they represented only a minority, yet they were an active and important one. Yet when we examine the situation at closer range the Hugenberg plebiscite turns out to be a serious setback for nationalism, and it was this plebiscite that split the party. For some time past, Hugenberg's dictatorship had been weighing heavily on the more distinguished members of his group, and the failure of his plebiscite as well as the desire not to be dragged into further ventures by an ebullient leader determined his followers of the better type to break away, in the vague hope that they might make some alliance with the Populists, even though the Populists felt that their party was tending too much toward the right. In any case, the result is that the Nationalist group in the Reichstag has dropped from 77 to 65 members and the *Vossische Zeitung* has made this ironic, somewhat savory comment:—

'Luckily for us and for himself, Hugenberg has not become dictator of the Reich. He is, however, dictator of the German Nationalist Party, and has maintained that position for a year. But is the German Nationalist Party happy? Has the great personality of its leader led it into radiant times? Has anyone recognized the significance of a government dominated by one man's will power? Is the German Nationalist Party great and powerful, the terror of its enemies, the destroyer of parliamentary government and Marxism, the liberator from the slavery of the Versailles Treaty? One year has been enough to turn the best disciplined bourgeois party into a ruined rabble of conservative monarchists and mutinous revolutionaries.'

The dissenters from the German Nationalist Party include not only

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those who have been dismissed from the party, but also those who are excluded from it, among them the representatives from groups of Nationalist workers, and *Vorwärts*, the Socialist organ, has not failed to emphasize the significance of this development:—

'The proletarian and middle-class antibourgeois elements are definitely separated, as is proved by the fact that the slogan against Marxism is directed against the workers, in accordance with the official decision of the directing committee of the German Nationalist Party. It is monstrous for three deputies of this party to be excluded merely because they upheld the right to express their political point of view freely in private conversation. Yet Hugenberg has expelled them because serious social difficulties have broken out between his group and theirs. The excluded deputies are backed by their organizations and the importance of this decomposition is much more significant than the mere numerical loss of three deputies from a group of seventy-eight.'

The Populist Party preserves a greater degree of cohesion, but it has been upset by the death of Herr Stresemann, and the election of Herr Scholz as its president has betrayed a certain disarray. Scholz wields some authority in the Reichstag, but no one has forgotten that he was by no means always in agreement with the former foreign minister.

'The Populist Party has elected Scholz its sole president,' says the *Tagebuch*, 'and this bit of news enables us to see once again the significance of Stresemann's death for German politics, for it was against Scholz that Stresemann always had to wage his bitterest battles in defense of his policies both at home and abroad. It was Scholz whose speeches and threats of crises became almost proverbial and kept creating new difficulties that Stresemann kept having to solve and that often, indeed, he could not solve. It is therefore cause for anxiety that this man has become sole head of a party that now occupies a situation of mastery and holds the key to the politics of Germany, although this condition is not so clear as it used to be—now that the Nationalist deputies have eliminated themselves. One can only hope that Stresemann's successor, in his present position of responsibility, will evolve as his predecessor did. Herr Scholz is not too old to learn.'

More or less the same hesitations and differences of opinion prevail in the Catholic Centre Party. Although the larger element in this group remains faithful to the principle of coöperating with the Social Democrats, there is a powerful minority grouped about *Germania* that thinks of nothing but cutting itself loose. As for the Socialists, they are completely uncertain, both in regard to their programme and in respect to their discipline, as Hilferding's dismissal proves. If they do not hold on to the important lever that the portfolio of finance minister provides, it is because they no longer wish to compromise their doctrines by coming into contact with the hard financial realities of the present day.

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The fact is that the financial situation in Germany is dangerous. Largely through the fault of the Socialists, Germany has been living beyond its means ever since its currency was stabilized. While in France we are hesitating, perhaps mistakenly, in laying ourselves open to the heavy expenses that modern management of the great cities, especially Paris, would entail, our eastern neighbors pay no attention to such considerations. The transformations that have occurred in Greater Berlin may well arouse our envy. No expense has been spared in bringing the economic equipment up to date. Cities, communities, and even individuals are indebted to the state. Germany has never practised economy in the French style. Perhaps its citizens are not wearing cotton stockings, but the great crisis that followed the War and the revolution left in its wake a condition of financial demoralization of which we find it difficult to form any adequate idea. Since that time everyone in Germany has been living from day to day and no party and no individual has had the strength to impose on the nation at large the great but indispensable penance it should pay.

THE Government, however, has made an attempt. It replied to Dr. Schacht's famous memorandum with a project for financial reform on which it called for a vote of confidence, and Chancellor Müller made an important speech in its defense. First of all he declared that the 1930 budget could not be laid before the Reichstag in January because it would be necessary to wait for the definite results of the Hague Conference. Replying from memory to Dr. Schacht's memorandum, he declared that the principal criticism made by the president of the Reichsbank applied to the German experts and to Dr. Schacht himself, who had been unable to make the German point of view triumph on these points. On the subject of financial reform he then explained the difficulties that the Government would be facing. The deficit in the Treasury had reached 1,700,000,000 marks, 800,000,000 marks of which were attributable to the extraordinary budget, 150,000,000 to the 1928 deficit, and 300,000,000 to the 1929 deficit, leaving 450,000,000 marks to be charged as deficit for the current year. The Chancellor then outlined the various reforms to be made and called for a vote of confidence.

After a laborious debate, the negotiations between different parties at last resulted in the adoption of a final formula. The most active resistance came from the Populist group, which accepted the formula by a narrow vote of 22 to 17, and decided not to raise the question of party discipline when the vote in the Reichstag itself occurred; the Socialist group then refused to accept the reorganization of the insurance benefits; and finally the Bavarian Populist Party decided to abstain from voting because of the increased tax on beer. The

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Reichstag then accorded a vote of confidence. Of its 400 members 222 voted in favor of the measure and 156 against it. 14 Populist deputies, among them the secretary of state to the minister of occupied territories, voted against the Government and 29 Socialists and the whole Bavarian Populist Party abstained from voting. The Catholic press and a few Democratic journals were almost the only voices of organized opinion that took satisfaction in the result and even they made reservations. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* remarked:—

'The German people have avoided drinking the bitter cup of a government crisis. However comprehensible the general sigh of relief may be at this juncture, our joy can hardly be considered unmixed.'

The *Berliner Tageblatt* expressed anxiety in regard to the defection of a part of the Populist group:—

'The large numerical majority that the Government has won has some spots on it. The abstention of the Bavarian Populist Party had been foreseen and no one grudges the Bavarians their desire to be different. What is more serious is that a great number of Populist deputies have voted against their own ministers.'

Vorwärts offers this unenthusiastic comment:—

'There is no occasion for hymns of thanksgiving. Nevertheless, a defeat of the Government under present circumstances would have constituted, not an irritating accident to some party or other, but a danger to the whole people. To save Germany's credit and to make the country able to negotiate at the Hague Conference, 222 deputies have approved of a solution that was only obtained after difficult negotiations among the various parties.'

Every indication exists that a profound crisis is threatening, a crisis which will be all the more dangerous to the creditor powers in the light of the policy of large-scale blackmail that Germany has always pursued with such success. The financial embarrassments of the Reich are not being attributed to waste but to reparations charges, and the general opposition that was aroused in the second Hague Conference when the word sanctions was mentioned may well imply that Germany has it in the back of her mind to declare herself insolvent at an early date. It is certainly true that the parties of the right are thinking along these lines, but happily the industrial powers, who always have the last word, realize the dangers that such an adventure would involve. Since her great crisis in 1920, Germany has effected a miraculous come-back. She has again become an industrial power of the first rank, and has resumed her place in the society of civilized peoples. Only fanatics like Hugenberg or Hilter can dream of compromising the unexpected results that this great outburst of energy brought forth.

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THE MAN BEHIND TARDIEU

The Dark Designs of Georges Mandel

By Frantz Clément

Translated from *Das Tagebuch,* Berlin Political Weekly

SINCE THE DAYS OF RICHELIEU many distinguished French statesmen and politicians have had their '*éminence grise,*' their Père Joseph, their trusted familiar who has dwelt behind the scenes, sorting out the threads of destiny for the mighty men of the earth to spin. Though they are men of action they act secretly, lacking the force and strength to carry through their designs in the open, preferring to linger, silent and inexorable, in the background, preparing the way for their masters. These assistants to the great are forever gathering together the stones that the great men themselves have been throwing carelessly about and they also put through certain sour transactions for which their patrons do not choose to accept the responsibility. They do a good share of the work that the world attributes to the great man and often they even determine his destiny.

Clemenceau's Père Joseph was Georges Mandel, whose real name is Jeroboam Rothschild. He is not, however, a member of the great Rothschild dynasty, but merely a petty bourgeois Jew, whose older brother, one of the most successful jewelers in Paris, considered the young man the pride of the family and provided him with the enormous amount of money needed to pursue a political career.

This pale, slender man, with his sharp profile, dangling arms, and generally well-groomed appearance might be mistaken for the obsequious head of some rayon factory rather than for the infamous assistant of a second-rate statesman whom, for the moment, we are compelled to consider great. His manner combines a well-assumed air of subservience with a crafty, impertinent attitude and he gives also the impression of always having up his sleeve a trump card that will take his opponent's ace. Loved by none, esteemed by few, hated by most, and feared by many, especially when he appears 'groggy,' this skillful intriguer, who scorns playing to the gallery, weaves his way through the corridors of Parliament until suddenly the leader of the day finds himself stabbed in the back by an unseen hand.

His last masterpiece was the overthrow of Briand on October twenty-second. First the Radicals were thrust forward in attack, but their hearts were not in their work. As for the Socialists, all they could do was to sound their usual note of opposition, and they were even less zealous. But when that archblockhead, Louis Marin, arose from the

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right side of the Chamber, Mandel's cold eye recognized that the man who made Locarno famous was facing a crisis. A few judicious, poisonous words to the right and left, a brief, sly intervention from the Tribune of the Chamber, and the ministry had fallen. Clemenceau, Mandel's great patron, was revenged, and the way lay open to Tardieu, his lesser patron, for the pale little Jew had been trained in a good school. He had learned at first hand his master's specialty of overthrowing cabinets.

WHEN the Dreyfus affair was at its height, Clemenceau was running the *Aurore*. Mandel at that time was an unimportant little journalist, who had never shown himself anything but mediocre in his profession and probably never would have won success with his pen. Clemenceau, who often misjudged human nature, possessed, none the less, a fine flair for turning to his own use certain people who crossed his path. At one time he patronized Stephen Pichon, and later he befriended André Tardieu, who has now become a man of great importance. In young Mandel he recognized a kind of bloodhound, a conscientious agent, a Jack-of-all-trades, the very person that he himself needed at the moment. Mandel could work like a fiend; he could pursue any course and no sudden crisis could surprise him. No wonder this discreet, second-rate journalist was at once given a position of trust.

Clemenceau never had reason to regret the trust he had reposed. In French politics, where things rush from extreme to extreme, where one must run with the hare and the hounds, any man who aspires to dominate the parliamentary machine needs an assistant like Mandel more than anything else in the world, and when Clemenceau became a minister and finally premier, he made Mandel the head of his cabinet, and when he went over to the opposition he retained Mandel as his private secretary, but a private secretary with unusual powers. Léon Abensom, in his little book entitled *Clemenceau intime*, gives an amusing description of how anyone who wanted to interview the Tiger's secretary had to be first received by the secretary's secretary, in a luxuriously appointed house that offered an amazing contrast to the Spartan surroundings in which the all-powerful master dwelt. It was here that Mandel had his strong boxes sent and it was here that one had to wait if one wished to see Clemenceau. It was here that the thumbscrews were applied to so many prominent people.

Then came the time when Clemenceau was war lord, and what nasty work had to be done! To describe Mandel as a stool pigeon would be to pay him a compliment, but let us not delve to-day into that miserable period. Dozens of deputies used to implore Clemenceau to get rid of this creature, but the *Père la Victoire* always refused. Even though he might lose some of his popularity, he felt that Mandel was indispensable to him.

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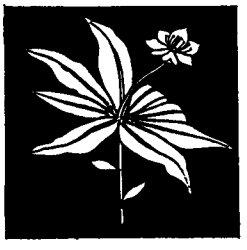
IN THE horizon-blue elections of December, 1919, Mandel was chosen deputy from the Gironde. This man without a native background afterward ran for mayor of Souillac and there was not a Bordeaux wine grower or a wrinkled old peasant woman who appealed to him in vain, for he conducted the most demagogic kind of campaign. But in January, 1920, when his lord and master was defeated for the presidency by the ostracism Briand had organized, Mandel remained faithful in his sickly way and unhesitatingly renounced any career of his own, and he has now transferred his loyalty to the Tiger's logical successor, André Tardieu. In 1924 he lost his seat in the Chamber but regained it in the last elections.

That is Mandel, the most hated and most slandered person in France. He makes no secret of the governing principle of his life—a complete freedom from moral scruples—and he even takes a certain pleasure in being insulted and attacked. He is everything but a man of honor, but he is perhaps superior in some ways to the cause he has followed. A man with his diplomatic gifts, with his quick intelligence, with his unfailing skill at deferring to great men and renouncing any laurels of his own, is no ordinary parliamentarian. On the twenty-second of October, when he stepped on to the Tribune and overthrew the most eloquent, refined, and authoritative statesman of our day, the ministers around Aristide Briand laughed. But Briand laughed reluctantly, for he knows what uses can be made of an '*éminence grise*' since he has three of them himself, his faithful and remarkably able Berthelot, his gifted and attractive Peycelon, and the more discreet Guisthau. And if Tardieu laughed, it was for another reason, for he knows what Mandel can do and how he can be used, and from that day forth three words have been ringing through the corridors of the Chamber: '*Gare à Mandel!*'



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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Something New in Funerals

THE PRINCIPAL OF A TOKYO school for girls who happens to be called Mr. Yoshijiro Kobayashi has instituted a novel ceremony by holding his own funeral while he is still alive. He had just returned from a world tour with a party of Japanese educators when he heard that his wife had died, and since he had to arrange for her burial he felt that it would not only be proper but economical too for his own funeral service to be conducted at the same time. The day he chose was the thirty-ninth anniversary of his marriage and he received, as is the custom of the country, a posthumous name from the chief priest of the temple to which his family graveyard belongs.

> 'I am sixty-two years old,' said Mr. Kobayashi, 'and am old enough to anticipate that the end may come at any time. It is for this reason that I might just as well have my funeral service performed together with that of my wife. From this time on I shall spare nothing for the promotion of education in the thought that I am already dead.'

This is not, however, the first time that Mr. Kobayashi has distinguished himself by his originality. After the great earthquake of 1923 he felt so sorry for the street children of Tokyo that every day after his school had closed he went among the poorer districts playing a phonograph that he towed behind him on a little cart. Now that his wife has died he plans to resume this practise, for he says that he has nothing at home to worry him any more. For such a rare spirit as his, even a posthumous funeral would seem to be premature.

Maurice Rostand's New Play

MAURICE ROSTAND, son of the more famous Edmond and himself a successful dramatist, has written a new play whose theme has to do with world peace and Franco-German understanding. Its title is *L'Homme que j'ai tué* (*The Man I Killed*) and it begins with a scene in church where a former French soldier is confessing to the priest that during the War he killed one of his enemies. The deed was done in 1915 and, although the play begins three years after the War has ended, the hero is still haunted by the murder he committed and wishes somehow to make atonement. He has kept the identification tag of his victim and finally determines to visit the man's family and make a clean breast of it all.

The action now shifts to German soil, where the bereaved parents and their dead son's fiancée are still lamenting the loss of the young man. It appears that he was a sensitive spirit who hated war and who had studied in France, where he had made friends in the pre-War days. His people are therefore not particularly surprised when they hear that a young Frenchman is in town and has been placing flowers on their boy's grave. They ask the young foreigner to their house and question him about their son. 'Yes, I knew Hermann,' he finally replies and the parents open their hearts to him. He stays under their roof, plays on Hermann's violin, reads letters written from

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the front by the dead youth, who kept expressing the warmest admiration for the French, and, when he is finally shown into Hermann's room, he falls down weeping at the foot of the bed.

It is at this point that Angelica, Hermann's fiancée, suspects the visitor's secret. She questions him, he tells her the whole truth, and then flees in despair. Up to this point, which brings us through the prologue and the first two acts, the play hangs together well enough, but in the third act it falls to pieces. Angelica decides that the truth must be kept hidden and that she must bear with the foreigner who killed her fiancé and with whom she had begun to fall in love herself. The young man is therefore summoned back, persuaded to remain in Germany and take Hermann's place. The dramatic critic of *Comœdia*, a Paris theatrical daily, who reviewed this play found himself slightly irked by the sight—he says nothing of the sound—of the Frenchman playing Hermann's violin. True to the instincts of his native land, this same reviewer then permitted himself to hope that Angelica and the Frenchman will finally marry and that their first child will be named, out of respect to M. Briand, Aristide.

Mencken and Lewisohn in Paris

NINO FRANK, a member of the staff of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* of Paris, enjoyed a rare intellectual treat the other evening in the form of an informal debate between Ludwig Lewisohn and H. L. Mencken. The two men had been brought together by Régis Michaud, a California professor of French, and they entertained their Gallic hosts with a combined assault on America every bit as vigorous as those indulged in by certain Rhodes scholars who are all eagerness to convince their big British brothers that they are thoroughly ashamed of their native land. M. Frank transcribed the conversation in French, and we are emboldened by the example of Mark Twain's Jumping Frog to attempt, as far as the sense allows, a word for word English version of M. Frank's French version:—

Lewisohn: From France I regard the America with good humor.

Mencken: Me, I support it. Let us not speak of Prohibition. At Baltimore, my home, I drink always and as I wish. Moreover, it is very simple: I come from the Maryland Free State, one of those that have not voted the Prohibition. I have seen in Baltimore three drunks in a bar; a policeman enters, he puts them to the door with a blow of the foot. And that is all.

L.: I believe that this complete disequilibrium that the Europeans have perceived in the social and moral life of the Americans could be explained by the psychoanalysis. The Anglo-Saxon of the United States has a double personality. He gets drunk and he invents the Prohibition. So with everything.

M.: Your idea that the America is a young people is baroque. We are old. One must not forget that we are descendants of European residues.

L.: Yes, a majority of failures. I do not say of criminals, although certain regions, the Georgia for example, were colonized by people who were far from having their papers in order. However, I would like to have you remark that one must not confound the Jewish immigrants with the former group. It is a question there of a special phenomenon which does not demand any specific explanation: there are five million Jews in America.

M.: To understand this disequilibrium of the American soul, one must take account of the factor of Puritanism.

L.: Puritanism which must not be confounded with that of England of the seventeenth century. A Milton is the proof of it.

M.: Let us call it 'Neopuritanism,' this kind that has no merit. I think that it dates from the Spanish-American War. Roosevelt is one of its first representatives.

L.: How was born this Neopuritanism? What was its *raison d'être?* It is a little mysterious; probably too many national groups formed among the immigrants. There was necessary a force to impose on them its law.

M.: Yes, a sort of rampart against the free spirit of the immigrants to

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protect those who had preceded them and who were already acclimatized. Then the America was free: there were less drunkards than at present. Moreover, the cruelty and the oppression are always the result of the fear. It is very simple: without the restrictions imposed at various times against the immigration, the America would not have lasted twenty years.

L.: Whitman? Emerson? That was not the beginning of a civilization; they were the last groans of the Anglo-Saxon spirit.

M.: To-day the one and the other make to laugh. Whitman is represented as an octogenarian and Emerson is swallowed up by the Christian Science. Let us speak frankly: everything that counts in America as far as writers and thinkers are concerned possesess no Anglo-Saxon trait. Lewisohn, Dreiser, and myself are Germans; O'Neill is a Celt; Sandburg a Scandinavian; Cabell, French. The mixture of the bloods is necessary to create an American artist. And all these men are some free spirits whom the American prosperity does not attract.

L.: But note that this prosperity is not so great. The life in America is very dear.

M.: The metropolises are depopulating the countryside, where the life is stagnant and desolate. You have been able to perceive it in reading Anderson. Here you occupy yourself too much with the great cities and not enough with the immense and sad regions of the West.

And then M. Frank adds: 'Behold what I have heard them say.' Certainly if Mr. Grover Whalen gets wind of this, he will not commandeer his tug boat to greet Mr. Mencken at the Battery, unless it be to hustle him all the faster into jail.

Vanishing Variety

THAT FORM OF entertainment known in New York as vaudeville and in London as variety is meeting the same sad fate on both sides of the Atlantic. The talkies, of course, have delivered the *coup de grâce* to what was once a forbidden pleasure, but they are not alone responsible. The *Daily Telegraph*, a paper fully as respectable as Boston's *Evening Transcript*, has devoted a wistful editorial to this change in theatrical taste, which it ascribes less to the novelty of a new invention than to the inherent weakness of the moribund variety stage. The trouble began, it seems, when the British music hall started to fall away from the tradition of vulgarity that has made it a national institution. 'As it grew refined,' says the *Telegraph*, 'it began to lose its *raison d'être*.' It found itself competing with the legitimate theatres, and the older generation of Londoners has all but forgotten the sensation that was caused when a legitimate actor first appeared on music-hall boards.

But the progress of the talkies is responsible for the latest relapse. The Empire and the Alhambra theatres have both gone over to this new form of entertainment, and now the Victoria Palace has announced that no reasonable offer for its property will be refused. The Leicester Square, the Middlesex, and the Oxford, all of them flourishing music halls before the War, have vanished or changed beyond recognition; only the Coliseum, the Holborn Empire, and the Palladium remain and on their stages it is variety and not the sterner music-hall stuff that holds sway. Before the forces of the Philistines, good taste and vulgarity are thus being compelled to retreat, side by side.

Spooks That Smell

SIR LAWRENCE JONES, president of the Society for Psychical Research of Great Britain, came to scoff but remained to pray. 'I joined the Psychical Research Society,' he has confessed, 'soon after its formation in the hope of hearing ghosts explained away, but now I am more certain of them than I am of 31 Tavistock Square—they are more enduring.' This is a statement that might, of course, be taken two ways, since the address in question is the headquarters of the society, but Sir Lawrence's categorical assertions in regard to the reality of the spirit world

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leave little room for doubt. Here is what he says:—

> A ghost may be seen, or heard, or more rarely smelt. Some ghosts may be seen or heard by one person and not by another. I have never seen a ghost myself, but I have heard one. There is no one explanation of ghosts, nor is there any one thing that ghosts always do. But there must be some reason why ghosts are so rare—for they do not seem to increase with the growth of the population. It may be that they mark off areas in space in which to live. This would account for their scarcity —but we do not know.

Scripts of conversations with the spirit of Oscar Wilde came in for special attention. These writings were obtained several years ago by spiritualistic means and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his *History of Spiritualism* has described them as 'long communications which are not only characteristic of his style, but which contain constant allusions to obscure episodes in his own life, and which, finally, are written in his own handwriting.' With this judgment, Sir Lawrence Jones wholly concurs: 'I knew Oscar Wilde slightly in 1881, and the scripts are wonderfully characteristic of him. They give a deep impression of the survival of personality. I think his character is quite unaltered by twenty-five years in the Shades.'

The Russian Alphabet Latinized

NOT SATISFIED with having overthrown both God and Mammon, the Soviet Government has now set about abolishing the Russian alphabet and replacing it with Roman characters. Commissions have been studying the problem in all parts of the country and have worked out a schedule of reform that is already being put into effect. Distant and largely illiterate provinces where Tatars, Turkomans, Bashkirs, and Uzbegs dwell are to be the first beneficiaries of this new scheme and the more enlightened districts of the Soviet Union will be instructed later, for they will have to unlearn the old way of writing as well as acquire the new one.

This task, however, may not prove so difficult as it sounds. After the Revolution of 1917 the Communists dropped three of the thirty-five letters of the old alphabet and thus began preparing the country for parity with those happier nations that get along with only the twenty-six Latin symbols. By judicious use of dots and apostrophes, the new Russian script will avoid those atrocities of spelling that prevent Polish from looking like the language of a civilized people. The letter that is now transliterated as 'shtchah' will become simply 's' and 'cheh' will be 'c.' The German 'ch' will be 'x' and the two letters 'ks' will convey the sound of 'x.' An official of the Commissariat of Education named Mr. Kostenko has these cheering words to offer on the subject:—

> The adoption of the Latin alphabet will strengthen our international contacts, will make it easier for Russians to learn the foreign languages which are so necessary for us, if only to absorb the Western technique, and will also help foreign delegations and visitors to Russia in finding their way about. Then, when the world revolution comes, and we as Marxians are convinced that it will come, it will be an obvious convenience to have a unified international alphabet.
>
> Economically the Latin alphabet has the advantage of containing fewer letters, and printing costs will be reduced. Politically a beneficial by-product of the change will be that we can select for printing in the new alphabet such works as we consider useful, discarding those which we consider harmful or useless.

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ASPECTS OF AFRICA

Insects, Beasts, and Men

By Julian S. Huxley

From *The Times,* London Independent Daily

'THE TSETSE FLY,' remarked the provincial commissioner' 'is one of the two chief curses of East Africa; and the other'—but to say what he considered the other to be would be indiscreet. However, he was certainly right about the tsetse. Tanganyika Territory is three times the size of the United Kingdom. Two-thirds of the huge area is tsetse-ridden, and the fly is making advances every year. It is advancing in Rhodesia and Nyasaland, too. It is bad enough in Uganda; and, though the white man's country in Kenya is without fly, the rest of the colony has plenty and to spare. As Major Church forcibly put it in the House of Commons: 'Are we going to surrender these huge tracts of country to the domination of an insect?'

For when the tsetse appears at the borders of native cultivation and a few cattle grow sick, the people generally take fright, desert their homes, drive their beasts away in search of fly-free country—and in a few years there is no trace of cultivation more. The bush has spread over all the former clearings; the bush provides the best home for tsetse; thus the insect has consolidated its gains, and can begin making fresh advances into new country.

Now the malaria mosquito is bad enough; but malaria does not drive cultivation out of a country like the fly disease of cattle, nor does it kill wholesale like the tsetse of human sleeping sickness. And, finally, it is a more orderly and controllable creature. It must live half its life in water; and there, by various methods, you can get at it. But the tsetse refuses to behave in a clean-cut way. It lives in very varied situations and sucks the blood of very various animals. It does not lay eggs and expose its brood to long dangers, but matures a single grub within itself, which, within a few minutes of being deposited, transforms itself into a tough, resistant pupa. It is not confined to any one kind of breeding place; anywhere with a little shelter, and not too much sun and not too dense shade, will serve. And there is not merely one, but half a dozen kinds of tsetse fly; and several of them will convey the trypanosomes of cattle disease or of sleeping sickness with complete impartiality, either separately or both at once. Tsetse live largely on game. But you cannot, even if you wanted to, exterminate all the game in the country; and, anyhow, they may also suck the blood of crocodiles and other reptiles and of birds. Tsetse live chiefly in bush. But you cannot readily

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destroy tracts of bush as big as France; and even if you could, you could never keep the areas clear—the bush would reinvade them.

LUCKILY, the tsetse will not fly far afield on his own; and he will not breed in country that is actually cleared and under cultivation. So there are two main ways of attack open. You can clear infested bush, settle it with natives, and take certain precautions to ensure that bush (and therefore fly) shall not reinvade the cleared area. Or you can destroy the fly in a certain area, without necessarily destroying the bush, and between fly-free and fly-infested regions put in a barrier that will prevent the insect from getting across again. To accomplish these effectively, you must know as much as possible about the habits of your fly; you must know as much as possible about the habits of your bush; and you must be able to control the habits of your natives.

As in other fields of applied science, there are three kinds of necessary work. There is pure research. For years this may seem only academic, the amassing of knowledge for knowledge's sake; but one day one bit of knowledge is sure to prove the key to control. There is the testing of the best way to apply what knowledge you have got—field tests, experiments, work on a large enough scale for the practical man to pronounce on its value in actual practice. And there is the practice itself, the final clearances and settlements. All three lines of work are being actively pushed forward in Tanganyika to-day. At Kikori, in the bush country 100 miles south of Amsha, there is a remarkable centre of pure research. Two years ago a single young entomologist was sent up there. He lived alone in a wattle hut for nine months, finding out a good deal about the intimate habits of the fly, and varying this by encounters with game of various description, from lion and rhino to buffalo and every kind of buck. Now there is a well-equipped little laboratory, a number of field stations where elaborate meteorological readings are taken thrice daily, and a staff of half a dozen European workers.

IN TABORA and Mwanza provinces, in Western Tanganyika, you may come on bands of a thousand men engaged in cutting down the thorn scrub. They are working, by order of their chiefs, to rid the country of tsetse fly and make it fit for cattle and so for men. It is worth while looking into the story, to see how surprisingly the fate of its different characters—men, crops, cattle, insects, and bush—is linked together in one dramatic unity.

On one side of Shinyanga, where these big clearings are slowly driving the tsetse out, is a sea of bush. Old men remember when much of this was still open country inhabited by an abundant population and their cattle. What happened to them when the fly ejected them and

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the thorn trees covered their fields? They crowded into the open country that lies on the other side, north and east, and extends almost up to the Victoria Nyanza. This increased the population. Meanwhile, the white man had come into the land, and was stopping war and raids; was killing wild beasts; was beginning to check the ravages of disease. For this reason also the population increased in the open areas. It increased so much that it began to alter the character of the country; and now certain disaster looms ahead unless decisive steps are taken quickly to prevent it.

Practically every tree for miles has been felled, save only the strange, majestic baobabs. In some villages the natives have to go twenty or thirty miles to get wood to build their huts. Unless encouraged or commanded, the African hardly ever plants trees—he merely cuts them down. Herds of cattle and goats are everywhere. They are so numerous that next to nothing remains of the grass. The whole district is overgrazed; one wonders how the cattle live at all. And if one year the rains hold off a little too long, they do not live; they have no reserves, there is nothing to eat, and they die by hundreds. Meanwhile the natural covering of the soil has grown thin or has even disappeared. In the dry season the hot winds sweep over the plains, parch the ground, and blow the soil away. In the wet season the rains, no longer retained by the sponge of vegetation, wash it away. As further result, the country becomes poor and the cattle concentrate more and more on the grass that is left. This is a vicious circle.

In consequence, you see patches of mere sand where once was rich grass, ugly runnels and miniature gorges cutting back and back into what was smooth rolling downland. That is erosion; and erosion will continue at an ever-growing speed unless the vicious circle be broken at some point or another. One way is to make clearances or to free bush areas of fly, and send cattle back into these fly-free areas. (Here erosion links on to tsetse again.) This is being done; but it hardly relieves the pressure. The natural increase of the flocks is so great that tsetse clearances can at most take up the surplus. Erosion links up with forestry, too. The only way in which erosion can be directly countered is by planting trees. Woods along the watersheds and belts of trees along the upper edges of the valleys—these would break the wind, hold the moisture in the soil, affect the climate.

Then erosion interlocks with water supply. There are huge areas where cattle would live well if only there was water for them; there is food, but not drink. The beasts cannot go more than a certain distance from water holes; therefore, the concentration in these areas is kept unduly high; and, therefore, overgrazing and erosion set in. Wells and dams are the solution—dams where the ground slopes, wells where the surface is too level for dams.

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But up till now only a fractional beginning has been made with tree planting and water supply; and the herds increase and multiply. Why not sell the surplus stock? you ask. Why not, indeed? But this is where erosion hooks on to the African's economics and traditions. The cattle-keeping African does not want to sell his beasts. He reckons wealth not in money but in head of stock. His social standing is estimated by the number of his beasts, as the social worth of the peasant girl in some parts of Europe is estimated by the number of petticoats she wears. You begin to appreciate early Old Testament history when you see a cattle-loving African tribe. Even so did Job reckon up his possessions; even so did Abraham feel about his flocks and herds.

THEN there are even bees. They do not link up directly with erosion, it is true, but with sleeping sickness. However, sleeping sickness is an affair of tsetse, and tsetse has immediate bearings on erosion, so they all come into the one interlocking system. The natives have a primitive system of bee keeping. They hang their hives here and there in trees; and the hives are mere hollow logs. When they want to take the honey, they make a huge fire under the tree to smoke the bees off, and sacrifice the whole population of the hive to get the honey. One is reminded of Elia's 'Essay on Roast Pig.' In so doing they often start premature grass fires, which prevent the tsetse workers from making their thorough burns later; and when sleeping sickness is about, and the medical authorities are trying to round up the people into concentration areas in clearings, the bee keepers will slip off into the fly-infested forest after their honey, and so may get bitten and bring back the trypanosome to the concentration camp.

Who would have thought that sleeping-sickness control involved the improvement of native bee keeping? Yet until you can persuade the native to use better hives, from which the honey can be taken without destroying or driving away the bee community, and to put them all round the edge of a clearing instead of off in the bush, you have left a nasty loophole through which the enemy may creep in and bring your elaborate scheme of control to naught.

But so it is in every field. The medical man, fresh from English hospital wards, as likely as not finds himself clearing bush, or trying to persuade natives to leave their homes as sleeping sickness creeps up. The veterinary officer will discover that it is just as important for him to study native customs and to get at the back of the African's mind as it is to prepare and dispense the best of sera against disease. The agricultural official, in the absence of sufficient forestry staff, must turn forester himself. The geological department has not unnaturally concerned itself mainly with mapping the country for valuable minerals; it is finding that it must organize another branch whose main duties

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will be to find and store water and to check erosion. The forester is trained at home to think primarily in terms of timber and of cash profits. Out here he must devote at least as much attention to schemes of tree planting whose main aim is to benefit, not forestry, but agriculture and stock raising.

And the administrative officer—but one shudders to think of the variety of duties which he is called upon to perform, and the immense background of knowledge which he ought to have to help him in their performance.

DID FRANCIS JOSEPH KILL HIS SON?

New Light on Mayerling and Serajevo

By Leon de Poncins

Translated from the *Mercure de France*, Paris Literary Semi-Monthly

A NOVEL HAS JUST APPEARED BY M. t'Serstevens, entitled *Taïa*, which gives a new version of the Mayerling and Serajevo dramas. Here is its theme: Archduke Rudolph of Austria did not commit suicide at Mayerling. He was assassinated with Marie Vetsera by the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was instigated by Rudolph's father, the Emperor Francis Joseph. But the two victims left a daughter, and it was she who revenged her parents' death by instigating Princip to kill Ferdinand at Serajevo. The following conclusion thus emerges from the story: The murder at Serajevo that unleashed the World War was the consequence of the criminal madness of the ruling house of Austria. The old emperor had caused all the heirs to his throne to be assassinated, one after the other, and in their deaths they merely expiated previously committed crimes.

It is the duty of every faithful historian to protest against such an accusation. Emperor Francis Joseph saw his reign darkened by a succession of misfortunes worthy of some antique tragedy, but on each occasion he was a victim and never a responsible party. As for Francis Ferdinand, he and his wife were assassinated, but he himself was never an assassin.

Any man who chooses to write a novel possesses complete freedom and is limited only by his imagination. Nothing could therefore be said

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against *Taïa* as a novel if its preface did not assert that it is not fiction but a historic fact. The press has supported this point of view and has devoted many articles to the subject, among them pieces by Léon Treich in the *Carrefour*, by Léon Daudet in the *Action Française*, and a recent discussion by the author of *Taïa* himself on the first page of *Le Journal*.

In the course of my study of modern revolutionary movements I have devoted considerable attention to Serajevo and I am going to repeat certain facts here. I am particularly qualified to do this because it was under my roof that t'Serstevens learned of the existence of a woman who pretended to be the daughter of Archduke Rudolph. In the early part of 1926 I was living at 48 rue François-Premier, where I often received friends. One of them, Count Jean O——, a man of Polish birth, brought t'Serstevens with him one day and in the course of the afternoon told us this story.

IN 1919 O—— was sent on a military mission to London where he dined one evening with the Princess Alice de Monaco and met there a young woman of great beauty. The latter was delighted to encounter another Slav, for she told him that she herself was Czech. The Princess de Monaco, who has since died, then related this young lady's story. It appears that she claimed to be the daughter of Archduke Rudolph and Marie Vetsera. While still very young she went to North America, where she married an American by whom she had a son and from whom she later separated. She then married an Englishman, and was at that moment on the point of leaving for the Argentine. The Princess of Monaco believed her story, but my friend, the Polish count, was easily able to learn through his diplomatic position that the British Intelligence Service had been warned by the American Intelligence Service and had been watching this young lady for some time. After a careful investigation the chief of the British Intelligence Service arrived at the conclusion that the whole story was a fable and that there was not a word of truth in it.

Three months later the Polish count read in the newspapers that the young lady in question had poisoned herself. This, in a few words, is the story of *Taïa* which was born in my house. Several of us were present on the occasion and all of those whom I have questioned clearly remember that the story had interested us all immensely. T'Serstevens, too, was greatly interested and had asked numerous questions. It is also possible that, having started out on the track, he made further researches and discovered new facts and unpublished documents. We should not, however, confine ourselves to these proofs only, for they depend entirely on the personal testimony of t'Serstevens, which forces us to reply to him in kind. Léon Treich's article in the *Carrefour* tells us that

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the author of *Taïa* discovered and personally interviewed Archduke Rudolph's former valet, Loschek, from whom he received his documents. This version, however, can be dismissed, since t'Serstevens himself has already denied it in the article in *Le Journal* which we have already mentioned. Here are the principal passages in that article and it is t'Serstevens himself speaking:—

IN APRIL, 1919, I had just been demobilized and found myself in London for a few days, where I was presented at the house of Princess Alice de Monaco to a young lady all of whose circle, and they are of the best blood in England, looked upon and received her as the daughter of Archduke Rudolph and Marie Vetsera. She was called Alma Haynes-Vetsera, Haynes being the name of her former husband, who was living in London and is perhaps living there still. Ever since my first meeting with her I was struck by her extraordinary resemblance to Marie Vetsera, with whose appearance I was familiar from the few portraits of her that still exist; I recognized in Madame Haynes the features, the hair, the peculiarly blue eyes and radiant skin of Marie, and also her charm of manner.

It will be said that such a resemblance, striking as it may be, proves nothing. Possibly, but I am more inclined to accept it when the woman in question was being received by the highest British society and was bearing, besides the name of her former husband, the name of Vetsera, and who, moreover, when she died, left behind her a birth certificate proving her parenthood. Moreover, she made no parade of her extraction and I had to visit her several times before she would speak to me of her life and parents. I first saw her in her apartment in Duke Street near Grosvenor Square, and when she did me the honor to describe her life I had occasion to see a number of family photographs that could not have been in the hands of anyone except a Hapsburg-Vetsera.

Here was what I was able to discover about Madame Haynes. Her birth certificate is dated July 6th, 1888, although on two occasions she told me she had been born in the middle of November. I do not know the reason for this discrepancy. After the drama of Mayerling she was not taken to Eiao, as she is in my novel, where real facts are constantly displayed on an imaginative background, but to North America, where she was brought up until she was sixteen years old, with full knowledge of her forbears. It was there that she married Mr. Haynes, who took her to Alaska, where he was engaged in business. She had a son by him who was thirteen years old at the time I met her, but his mother, having found marriage a deception, had come to Europe to get a divorce. It was during this period that she stayed in the Balkans, and it was this period also that provided the material for the concluding

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chapter of my novel. Furthermore, did not the director of the British Intelligence Department, whose testimony I am taking the liberty of invoking here, know something about all this? Madame Haynes, like the Eleonore in my novel, received a large pension from Vienna, I do not say from the Emperor. During the War she was closely watched in England, but she was watched in such a special way that it did not prevent her from being received by the best British and French society.

When I left London Madame Haynes told me of her approaching marriage, but it was not until later that I heard about what happened. On August 30th, 1919, she married Captain Cedric Sebastian Steane, and on the 11th of November of that year they installed themselves in the apartment in Duke Street at 5:30 in the afternoon. This was the first anniversary of the Armistice. At two o'clock in the morning they returned to this apartment, and at 2:30 the daughter of Rudolph and Marie Vetsera poisoned herself with cyanide of potassium and died immediately.

Dr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, who gave me permission to quote him, took charge of the inquest, whose results were singularly perplexing in so far as the parentage of Madame Haynes was concerned. Lack of space prevents me from quoting the most important passages, and I do not know why Captain Steane told the judge that his wife had often spoken of the suicide of her parents, for Alma Vetsera never believed that they had killed themselves. It was her belief that her father had been assassinated with the tacit complicity of the Emperor Francis Joseph and by the murder of her mother the only witness of the scene was eliminated. All this the child of the victims heard from the people who had brought her up. But the drama of Mayerling, as told by Loschek, in my book, is not drawn exclusively from my conversations with Alma Vetsera. I turned for certain details to the immense bibliography that has grown up about the tragedy. What Rudolph's daughter always told me was that her father had been assassinated by certain persons who had a direct interest in preventing his succession to the throne—in other words, Charles and Francis Ferdinand—and that Rudolph had been killed only because he had wanted to seize the crown of Hungary. This final historic point is an established fact and the drama of Mayerling therefore becomes a political assassination altogether worthy of that terrible and grandiose figure, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the same man who allowed the third heir to the Austrian throne, Francis Ferdinand, to go to his death at Serajevo twenty-five years later.

THIS article mentions certain general historical facts and certain personal recollections of t'Serstevens himself. The general facts are well known. Everyone can investigate them and people more com-

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petent than I can discuss them if, indeed, material for discussion exists.

I do not believe that Rudolph wanted to seize the Hungarian throne or that Francis Ferdinand was deliberately sent to his death at Serajevo. Was Rudolph a suicide or was he assassinated at Mayerling? All serious historians accept the suicide as a fact beyond discussion. There was no orgy and there were still fewer traces of any assassination, but on this subject, too, I leave qualified historians to speak the final word. Both these dramatic deaths have given rise to the strangest rumors, most of them without any serious foundation. Moreover, a number of authoritative works on the subject exist, including *Serajevo* by Seton Watson, and the *Immediate Origins of the War*, by Pierre Renouvin.

We now come to the new facts based on t'Serstevens's testimony and the story he is supposed to have heard from Rudolph's daughter. I might also mention in passing how difficult it is to recognize a person one never expected to meet in a certain situation, especially when one must base that recognition on descriptions of her parents given by their contemporaries. But there is a much more flagrant impossibility than this. How could the pretended daughter of Rudolph have confided in t'Serstevens in 1919 when he only learned of her existence in 1926? The Polish count was certainly better qualified than anyone else to check up on these matters and I therefore submitted to him the following list of questions:—

1. Do you remember telling at my house in the presence of t'Serstevens the story of the young lady who pretended to be the daughter of Archduke Rudolph?
2. Was not t'Serstevens ignorant at that time (1926) of the whole story?
3. Did he ever tell you that he intended to write a novel about it?
4. In the course of your visit to London in 1919 did you ever see t'Serstevens at the house of the Princess of Monaco?
5. Did Rudolph's daughter have any such birth certificate as t'Serstevens described?
6. Has t'Serstevens ever shown you the original documents that he discovered in the course of his researches?
7. May I publish your reply?
8. Did the pretended daughter of Rudolph ever tell you that her parents were assassinated?

Here is the reply:—

My dear friend,—

I have just received your letter and I am replying in haste because I have just been called to the bedside of my sick mother.

1. Yes, perfectly, and as you will recall, there were several of us present.
2. Absolutely. T'Serstevens had no knowledge of the story when I told it to him that day.
3. He never mentioned that he intended to write a novel, but he did tell me, when we happened to meet six months later at the house of some mutual friends,

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that the book was written. He told me that he had written the novel and asked me if I wanted a certain number of complimentary copies.

4. Never, although I was frequently received at the house of the Princess of Monaco, and knew her immediate circle intimately. I did not even know t'Serstevens at that time.

5. T'Serstevens once showed me a short paragraph in the *Intransigeant* saying that such a birth certificate or something similar had been found among Francis Joseph's papers.

6. Never.

7. Yes, certainly.

8. No, she always told me that her parents had committed suicide and she even said she felt impelled to commit suicide herself for that reason and had already made one attempt to do so.

The reply is final. Carried away by his imagination, t'Serstevens substituted himself for the Polish count. If he had merely given a faithful reproduction of the count's story, that would not have been very important, but what he really did was to modify the latter's story profoundly. This is not the way history is written.

What, then, remains? There was in London somebody who pretended to be the daughter of Archduke Rudolph, but there was no material proof for this assumption. There is no reason to modify the story of Mayerling or of Serajevo. In the latter drama one point has not been completely cleared up, the rôle that freemasonry played in the assassination, but perhaps the Dohna-Schlodien suit against Ludendorff, which is about to be tried in Germany, will throw some light on the matter. But as for the thesis set forth in *Taïa*, that the daughter of Rudolph took vengeance through Princip, that is based only on the imagination of t'Serstevens and he has made no attempt to justify himself. To sum up, *Taïa* belongs to the domain of fiction. It should not be considered a historic document. The memory of princes, like the memory of commoners, deserves peace.

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FROM PEKING TO HARBIN

By Maurice Larrouy

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

THE PEKING–MUKDEN RAILWAY has left untouched the wall which encircles the heart of the city, and its station is approached by a low door pierced through the thickness of that great barrier. It is here that the carriages and rickshaws stop and one has to walk along ramps and up stairways to the platforms, which run parallel to the wall. A final glance takes in that masterpiece of construction, the Chien Mên gate, the upturned angles of its triple roof silhouetted against a moonless, cloudless sky. Yet this everyday beauty goes unnoticed by the numerous travelers and their friends who throng beside the Peking–Mukden train, vague in the shadowy darkness lighted only by infrequent lamps. The train is two or three times as long as usual, since everyone with business interests or other duties to perform is hurrying to Manchuria.

By rights the Chinese operate this railway and are responsible for its security; indeed, it is one of the few lines across this great country which are not directed by foreigners. Of course, a few indispensable European advisers have to be maintained; if they were not the security of the whole line would be jeopardized. This particular train has been named the *train bleu*. Before joining the main trans-Siberian line it goes by the fashionable beaches of the Gulf of Pechihli and it is much used, during the summer, by people who want to escape the heat of Peking. Now, however, everyone has returned from his vacation. Summer is over by the first of September, schools open then, and the new social season begins. No one is traveling save those who are forced to do so by business or people like ourselves who are led by curiosity.

Almost before the train has started, and even before we have had time to get settled in our double-berthed compartment, the conductor appears in the doorway. He is preceded by two soldiers carrying rifles with fixed bayonets. Revolvers are slung round their waists, and cartridge belts cross on their chests. Two other soldiers equally well armed follow him. He speaks no language known to Occidentals, so I do not know what unpleasant results may follow the inspection of the numerous tickets which are to take us into Manchuria and Korea, across the Straits of Tsushima, and on to Tokyo. However, the agency which promised to save us all difficulties and problems has done its work well and our whole list of documents is in order: tickets, supplementary tickets, tickets for berths, baggage checks, and passports. The conductor regretfully punches them all and passes on to the next door.

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We are probably the only people in the whole sleeper who have paid good money for tickets, for in China passes are granted far more often than in Europe; one of the most coveted privileges attaching to a civil or military office is the right to travel free. It is so extraordinary to find anyone who has paid for his trip on a railway operated by the Chinese that our presence is discussed at every station and I can think of no other reason for the constant appearance, during the night, of new conductors with new sets of guards, each one determined to find some paper incorrect.

To say that my sleep is broken by these interruptions would be a euphemism. The aisle of a Peking–Mukden train is a race course, a stadium, a fair ground filled with continual trotting and galloping, with endless speeches and brawls. There are sounds of pattering naked feet, of card playing and of mah-jong, and the click of chopsticks in bowls of rice. Every time that the door opens to admit an inspector I see a crowd of travelers who have perhaps paid to go third class, but who certainly have no right to be in the sleeping car. But China is one great brotherhood; the porters on the train have many friends and they are much more comfortable here than in the third-class cars, where in the confines of one crowded compartment there is a confusion of cooking meals, spitting men, screaming children, and perspiring, half-naked humanity.

MORNING finds us in Shanhaiwan, the largest frontier town between China proper and Manchuria. Its position and importance are thousands of years old, and it is here that the Great Wall of China reaches the sea—that wall which after 2,700 kilometres of winding over hills and valleys, across mountains, plains, and swamps finally loses itself in the Gobi Desert. At this end it has been pierced, damaged, and broken by roads and passages, by the railroad, and by the depredations of builders, but the brief time that we spend examining it leaves us stupefied, and we understand why the Chinese whom it sheltered for centuries should have thought themselves the only civilized people. Beyond wandered innumerable hordes of savages and barbarians, who ate raw meat, who tipped their arrows with bits of sharpened bone, whose faces were hideous and whose customs were bestial. Within, in the provinces which we had just left, lived a race skilled at working metals and textiles, creators of a philosophy and a system of ethics, with a genius for science as well.

Those days are over. The Great Wall still marks the line between China and Manchuria, but that line is now purely political, as the Government at Nanking wishes. By agreement between the powers of the North and South the forces of Nanking are not allowed to pass beyond the wall; for it would be an infringement of Mukden sovereignty. At

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the present time the open hostilities against the Soviet Government have given the Nanking Government the best of reasons for the stealthy penetration of Manchuria. Is it not necessary to mobilize all idle Chinese troops against the invasion of yesterday's friends and to-day's enemies? Our train passes, at every siding, cars filled with sorry-looking troops piled on to trucks or platforms, sheltered by torn tents, battered tarpaulins, and rotting straw mats. Where these battalions and regiments are going no one knows. Their captains and colonels are ignorant of to-morrow's destination and the war lords themselves would find it hard to tell their plans.

All around us stretches the magnificent monotony of the new Manchuria. Where arid plains and bare hills once stretched into the distance, rich verdure now extends from the railway to the distant purple hills. Nothing can be compared with these vast acres except the wheat fields of Canada and the United States.

I CANNOT stay longer in this border city, however interesting it may be, for I must hurry on to Harbin before my entry there is forbidden. The distances are so great in this country that even the shortest excursions take a week and sometimes two. From Peking to Harbin requires fifty-two hours, almost as long as to go from Paris to Constantinople.

As our luxurious, well-kept train proceeds, conditions become more and more incomprehensible and tragic. The waiters in the dining car, who are employed by the International Sleeping-Car Company, are White Russians, but when you pass from one car to another the inspector who asks for your tickets is a Chinese. The engineer and fireman work for the Russo-Chinese company and they are Bolshevists who have not yet been replaced. Thus the train is run by men of two races and of three distinct political beliefs. They hate each other, both as neighbors and also because of the terrific struggle in which they are engaged to dominate Manchuria.

We cross a long bridge over the Sungari River. The metallic rattle of the wheels is accentuated by the slowness of the train. Men are inspecting the condition of the bridge; we stop, wait until the next arch is declared safe, and then continue. Thus we proceed until midnight, at a snail's pace which grows more nerve-wracking moment by moment as we crawl between two lines of lights carried by Chinese sentinels on the tips of their spears. White means 'Go'; green means 'Slow down'; red means 'Stop.' Along the track the colors keep changing and the engineer must always obey the imperative orders of the signals. At last the lights of Harbin glow on the horizon and we pass through a complicated maze of switches, signals, and signs; lanterns are hung up every ten metres. As if at the end of its strength and patience, the engine pulls into the Harbin station.

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The Frenchmen who were awaiting us rush up the steps.

'A train jumped the track near Harbin; the censor refused to say where. Thank God it wasn't yours!'

'No, not this time.'

'It must have been the train from Manchouli or Proganichaya. But come along; we're going to show you Harbin's night life.'

And so from midnight till dawn I make the acquaintance of one of the most singular cities in all the world.

'A thousand dollars are not considered money here, a thousand kilometres are no real distance, and a thousand deaths do not produce a tear.' This frequently repeated aphorism may well serve as a motto for the city of Harbin, which was built by the Tsars to be the gateway for the penetration of Manchuria and Korea. China took it again when the Russian Empire fell, and it is now populated by the most extraordinary mixture of White Russians, Red Russians, and Chinese.

At the moment I am writing no one could say which group is the most unfortunate, which of the three elements of the city's population, constrained as they are to live together, hating and coöperating at the same time, is the most uncertain of its future. Harbin is the most anxious city in the world and the most care-free. The Red Russians, who only yesterday were the friends and associates of the Chinese and who ran the Chinese Eastern Railway for a number of years, are now in profound disgrace. For two months past two hundred of them have been imprisoned some distance from the city in hovels that were previously used as pesthouses. The same men who have been running the railway and controlling this whole region are now undergoing the same misery that their native country of Soviet Russia has imposed on so many others. The meagre quantities of water and sorgho flour allotted to them are not sufficient to allay their hunger, even when this menu is supplemented, at the pleasure of their jailers, by a few rotten tomatoes. Women expecting children receive no care and no assistance, and dead bodies are simply thrown into the sewer.

The several hundred thousand White Russians living in Manchuria are no doubt less miserable, but they have lost their nationality, their background, and their soul. They have no consul to guard their interests. They occupy no legal position. They come into the world, live, and die, and no documents destined for family archives exist to preserve their memories. All the great occurrences in their lives are consigned by their priests to the church registries, which only command as much respect as the doubtful good humor of the Chinese authorities chooses to bestow. Harbin has become the capital of the White Russians, the Russians of yesterday. In other countries important groups of similar émigrés exist and continue to maintain life with some difficulty. But whether they are in Paris, the Riviera, or elsewhere they are lost among

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the quantities of foreigners that surround them. They cannot preserve their Russian structure or Russian cohesion. They lose many of their good qualities and acquire many bad ones. Scattered and exiled, they have not yet been able to accomplish any vigorous or lasting piece of work, in spite of the efforts certain individuals have made.

BUT here in Harbin they constitute a homogeneous block. Their memories and regrets are the same and they share together the same sufferings. Their pitiless fight for existence gives them all the same problems, for rich and poor alike must meet the hostility of the Chinese and the fury of the Soviet Government. They do not know what is in store for them and they never are able to indulge in hope. None the less they subsist and endure, accepting the most degrading tasks and receiving the lowest possible salaries. Thus they form a very solid, very touching group, about which the destinies of the future Russia are gathering. One strange consequence of the rift between the two Russias is that a new race and a new problem are being created in northern Asia. The White Russians who have been able to escape from the suffocating atmosphere of Soviet Russia have lost everything—family, goods, and even their identity. Driven out of their native land and unable through lack of means to move further south where money is perhaps more easily come by, most of them are definitely anchored to Harbin, where they have married and taken root. It is estimated that eighty to a hundred thousand children have been born to Russo-Chinese couples and that thus a new racial mixture is being produced.

Formerly any child born to such a couple was brought up either by the father or by the mother and assumed the nationality of that parent. But necessity has now brought into being thousands of *ménages* in Harbin and in all Manchuria which will be obliged to stay where they are. The Russian fathers are banned by their white compatriots and the Chinese mothers are shut out from the society of the yellow race on account of their mésalliances. Each couple is therefore obliged to cleave together, whereas in past times they could separate and mutual dislike would dissolve their illicit relationship. There is no doubt that within a generation this new strain of half-breeds, charged with rancor, inheriting the virtues and defects of both the white and yellow races, eager to live in the place where it was born, will play a great part in the destiny of Manchuria. All the Russians, however, have not remained in Harbin. The women, in particular, have yielded to promiscuity and have fled to the great seaports, where luxury and pleasure prevail. Harbin has become the centre of a new white-slave trade that is both perpetual and voluntary and its heart-rending effects can be seen all along the Pacific coast as far as Singapore and Java. But it is better not even to think of the abominable fate which these women meet and of the ruin of all these

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alert young girls who lack the strength to fight the desperate battle of existence in Harbin.

On Saturday evening I witness the simple, pathetic distractions of the young men and girls who have the energy to wage this battle. They are all of them petty employees, salesgirls, clerks, or stenographers. The dollars they earn each week barely suffice to clothe, shelter, and nourish them, and yet they hoard a few pennies that permit them at the end of each week's work to go dancing together or to visit a motion-picture house. Mingling with these serious young people, these fervent lovers who have never smiled, are middle-aged and old men who have been laid low by the revolution. A former diplomat walks arm in arm with a professor, a general is talking to an engineer, and all of them make only a few dollars a week at some trifling job. The thousands and even millions of rubles they owned in the past do not seem to be regretted, and they walk about wearing dignified, concentrated expressions. Their clothes are threadbare and many of them have no shirts. Yet they look handsome. They refuse to capitulate in the face of misfortune. They have known better times and when they speak of them their fatalism knows how to smile.

I TAKE a rapid trip around the city. To my left lie the chimneys of Harbin, its high buildings, its yacht club, and its bridge, testifying to its sudden growth from a railroad junction to its present size in a scant thirty years. To my right extends the domain of a redoubtable tribe of bandits, descendants of the Huns, who accept no foreign yoke, Russian, Chinese, or Japanese. In front of me big steamers are floating down the Sungari River, and likewise huge barges laden with gaolian or sorgho, as well as Chinese gunboats preparing to take some strategic position against the Russians. War is everywhere, yet it is invisible. On the European fronts a few years ago, everyone knew where the enemy was and from which side death might strike one down. Here, however, death is before and behind, to the right and to the left. A few days ago some bandits pillaged a ship that ran aground at night, and only a few weeks earlier the Red Russians stopped a boat whose captain and engineer were White Russians. Both men were shot and thrown into the river. Yesterday a train was blown up and to-day, just as I am about to depart, a lamentable group of refugees appears. They have come from some nameless region where the shock of arms and political hatred have engendered murder, desolation, and obscure crimes.

To-morrow Harbin, the great crossroads of commerce, will shelter still more miserable victims in the black holes of its buildings. To-morrow, too, the Sungari will be carrying away more beheaded bodies, more mutilated corpses. And it is at this moment that Geneva is discussing universal peace.

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HANDS ACROSS THE RHINE

A German Looks at France

By Gottfried Benn

Translated from *Die Literarische Welt*, Berlin Literary Weekly

SINCE THE WAR I have made four extensive trips through France, visiting Paris as well as the provinces. I made two trips by automobile, and for several weeks we drove many thousand kilometres over splendid national highways as smooth as billiard tables, well tarred, free from dust, and altogether the best automobile roads on the Continent. We also became familiar with the side roads, which are less pleasant for motoring. We drove through the country in all directions, from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, from Palavas to Arcachon, from Longwy to Hendaye and from Jeumont to Perpignan; we crossed the Argonne region and the Pyrenees and those provinces where the Celtic, Basque, and Ligurian strains in France are to be found. Sometimes we stayed in huge hotels, surrounded by golf links, sometimes in little provincial inns where night begins at nine o'clock. We could at all times be recognized as Germans by little badges we wore and by the make of our automobile. In all hotels and restaurants, on the beaches, in the bars, and in the shops we spoke German undisturbed and read German newspapers. Our chauffeur did not know a word of French, not even being able to understand the road signs. In the course of these trips we made personal acquaintances as well as professional contacts among business and medical men, and we stayed constantly in places which I am sure no Germans had visited since the War. Yet in view of the whole experience I am led to say explicitly that I never noticed any animosity displayed against us as Germans.

On the contrary, it often happened that, after we had announced our nationality, we were greeted with a marked degree of courtesy, a sort of heightened interest. Frequently our acquaintances searched their memories for past and present German connections—Marie's father, for instance, could speak German, and Lucy once spent a night in Trier. A surgeon in Montpellier inquired about various German colleagues and unexpectedly explained that it was the English, not the French, who had robbed us of our colonies through the Treaty of Versailles. A bishop's secretary, who at first displayed some reluctance to show us the abbey library, announced when we told him from what country we came that he wrote music. Before the War he had been in

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touch with many German composers and organists, and begged us to help him reëstablish his contacts. On another occasion we stopped at the guard rail of a railway crossing just in back of a French automobile. Its driver had climbed out and was standing at the hedge eating berries. 'Wonderful blackberries!' said my friend to me in German. The man turned around at once and offered us a handful of them saying, 'That's a good car of yours. I know the make.' At this point the guard rails were lifted, we said farewell, and went on our way.

Another time we had a flat tire and our gasoline was exhausted. It was the middle of the night and we were twenty kilometres from the nearest city. Our car had stopped in the middle of the road and we could not budge it a single yard forward or backward. There was no other course open to us but to stop the next automobile and ask for gasoline. A car came along, stopped at our request, and a lady and gentleman climbed out. They gave us part of their supply of gasoline and the gentleman himself placed the tube from his tank into ours and sucked at it to get the liquid to flow. 'That's a fine kind of *apéritif*,' cried the lady, and as a matter of fact it was an heroic deed, for the gentleman would certainly have the taste of gasoline in his mouth all night long. They worked with us for half an hour, refused to let us pay for the fuel, and went calmly on their way. On another occasion our chauffeur accidentally drove off a dyke into the deep sand of a bathing beach and could not get back on the road. The more energetically the car worked to free itself, the more deeply its wheels sank into the loose sand. It was necessary to dig the car out and of course we needed shovels and planks. Everything essential was provided for us, everyone helped us, all the people on the beach springing into activity, and with the help of the bathers we were released from our plight.

I do not wish to overestimate the significance of these occurrences. I have guarded against generalizing from them. Nevertheless I have a distinct impression that no German will experience any unpleasantness in France on account of his nationality, provided he observes the precise forms of courtesy and propriety that the Frenchman invariably demands.

THE Frenchman externalizes his inner structure in his yearning for form. In his mind, form does not consist of a faultless bow, correct evening dress, and eating fish without a knife (incidentally, throughout all France one eats fish with an ordinary knife and drinks champagne from wine glasses); these points of etiquette are part of the national problem of Great Britain, they belong to the creed of the dinner jacket. In France, form means primarily that yearning for conventionality which is characteristic of the entire nation, a desire for social constraint and for the close relationship of the individual to the

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mass. In the French mind self-discipline struggles for expression over carelessness, a sense of order tends to overcome sloppiness, classical principles tend to prevail over the forces of disorganization, and tradition prevails against anarchy. In this conflict the Gallic mind takes its stand in opposition to the German mind and indeed this is the essence of the antithesis between the two countries.

Imagine a nation with a background of two thousand years of military prowess, spiritual discovery, and moral refinement, a nation shut off intellectually, æsthetically, and linguistically; a well-balanced nation pervaded by a unique historical tradition in which the religious glow of the Crusades, the emotional influences of Roman and Gothic art, the enlightenment, the Revolution, and afterward Napoleon are blended. All this is apparent in every breath, in every '*oui*,' in every '*non*.'

You must imagine a mentality which has developed for a long time without periods of storm and stress or any excessive romanticism, without neurotic tendencies, without baroque style, without parricidal passions and the crises of transition and adolescence. You must conceive of a state of mind which is not tortured by a consciousness of the *Ding an sich*, the enigma of identity and *a priori* reasoning, but which is preoccupied with initiating new conceptions in modern physics and in the measurement of time as a means of demonstrating the connection between history and science. You are dealing with a vehement and occasionally infantile nationalism which has nevertheless a characteristic charm and which, as history proves, often displays intense psychic energy. You are reckoning with a spirit that is less Orphic than artistic, with a heart that always finds its appropriate external gesture, so that even the most grievously subjective tendencies have a brilliance of their own.

This nation, this mentality, this heart cultivates its genius in a city which has become the market place of the world and the fair of all the nations: the Bruges of that Brabant whose women came from the surrounding provinces for their confinements so that their children might be endowed with a share of the city's riches. It has been the abiding place of the arts since the time of the Capets, and of treasure during the centuries of the Bourbon dynasty. The world has conferred here, its most brilliant spirits have gathered here; our continent was blossoming here at a time when forests still covered the site of Berlin and chance fishermen dangled their rods and lines in the Panke. During the reign of the Great Elector Berlin had six thousand inhabitants while Paris under Louis XIV already included a half million souls. And long before his reign the Sainte Chapelle had been built near the bank of the Seine, while there was nothing along the edges of the Spree but a forest full of wild boars hunted by Slavonic princes.

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THEN there is another Paris, a city of fever, a city of dream. Its spirit is wafted from the Bois de Boulogne through the Tuileries, over the Obelisk to the plane trees in front of the statue of Charlemagne. The triumphs and the genius of a united people rest upon the Arc de Triomphe, under which the heart of the unknown soldier reposes. This is the city of love and of bloodthirsty laughter, of crowns and of communes. And now suddenly this city hears rumors of an attempted understanding with a notorious neighbor. Now, after the most glorious of all its victories, this city thinks of its children and grandchildren, shades its eyes with a hand that is covered with scars and laden with trophies, and looks eastward toward the Rhine where the wastes of Siberia seem to begin.

France has no forests, properly speaking, but she possesses loosely planted open stretches of trees, every one of whose trunks has been pierced so that the resin may drain off into bowls. But over beyond the Rhine the forests begin, and there is gloom and dampness, a vast, horizonless forest through which Arminius once broke his way. And there is Wotan, too, whose woolly beard undulates through those German musical dramas which are given twice a week on the stage of the Paris Opera. In the *Valkyrie* and *The Twilight of the Gods* the old fellow still suffers various sexual and metaphysical crises and talks vaguely about the ancient race of gods. Does not everyone beyond the Rhine possess a magic rune, does not a mysterious treasure lie beneath the waves of the great river, are not all the people as invulnerable as Siegfried, and is there not always a foaming flagon of mead near by? They must certainly be a busy and a kindly people on the whole, with marked national qualities including thorough educational methods, but they also suffer from a vast sense of internal solitude and spiritual emptinesses where fabulous sphinxes and monsters dwell.

Even when you travel through the French countryside, the atmosphere of the city makes itself felt. For this world, with its own peculiar system of rank, is a grandiose city world, a world-in-itself, existing for the benefit of many other worlds, the centre of a large part of the African and South American worlds. And it is wholly un-Germanic, wholly strange and incomprehensible to every German. Without exaggeration, Germany's cultural contribution is confined to a few Berlin street songs that are used as motifs in musical reviews, and to the rolled herring that appears on the bill of fare. But the German industrial influence is more far reaching. The opposition between the two peoples is not political nor does it arise from any fundamental hatred or deliberately cultivated tendencies. It is purely a matter of race and a lack of elementary knowledge of each other's ways. And any German who talks about encouraging understanding with the French people must keep these points in mind. It is, of course, a question whether there are

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any points on which we need to reach an understanding, since no misunderstandings really exist and since our mutual relationship is clear-cut. The point simply is that a definite estrangement has evolved historically, an emotional estrangement that is difficult to influence.

NEVERTHELESS the Frenchman and the German could certainly determine to get along more rationally in the political field than they have previously been able to do, and they ought to be able to apply their culture, their spiritual possessions, their human convictions, and their mutual forbearance in the service of that determination. I can visualize only one method of achieving this end: to learn both languages and to visit both countries. It will be necessary for the French language to be learned in all German schools, instead of Spanish as is the case to-day. These schools should also keep French newspapers on hand and provide French books to read so that, as a result of this reading, the students might analyze the differences between the two peoples. It would also be well for the Frenchman to learn German and to visit our country. He would probably discover that the atmosphere here is not what it is said to be on the other side of the Rhine, where one always hears that Germany symbolizes the *kolossal*. Perhaps, too, the Frenchman would be able to observe that as a people we have become more polished and more touched by skepticism because of our experiences during the last ten years, and that under American influences we are tending to develop a sort of urbanity which may turn into a real kinship with the culture of France.

ONWARD THROUGH ARABIA

By Leopold Weiss

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Swiss Liberal Daily

AFTER A FEW DAYS of rest in Bereida, we made ready to proceed on our journey. The gray of early morning still clung to the city as we saddled our camels, loaded the saddle bags, and exchanged farewells with the Emir and his household before making our way across the broad market place to the city gate. Again the Nefud lay before us, golden yellow under the light of the rising sun, its

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surface broken here and there by sand dunes and scattered palm groves. Again we heard the wooden machinery of the wells chanting its morning choral song in the gardens by the way and we continued to hear it long after the city and its palm trees had disappeared behind the dunes. The camels, refreshed and full of life, strode nimbly forward through the soft sand, which often reached up to their fetlocks.

After riding for a scant three hours, we came to the sandy bed of the Wâdy Rummah, which has sunk evenly into the surface of the plain. The Rummah, the largest river of the Arabian peninsula, has its source somewhere between Khaibar and the Jebel Shammar and extends completely across the land. Between er-Rass and Bereida it turns almost at right angles to the northeast and flows toward Shatt-al-Arab in Irak, finally losing itself in the sand just outside the latter city. In times long past, before Arabia became as desiccated as it is now, the Wâdy Rummah must have been a stream of considerable proportions with innumerable tributaries from Khaibar, the Jebel Shammar, and the section of the country to the south of Kasim. But to-day nothing remains but a broad, sandy channel which only provides water for a few places during especially rainy years.

On the other side of the Wâdy Rummah the sand dunes of the Nefud appeared again and it was nearly afternoon before we came upon a level, gray plain so smooth and unbroken that it looked like concrete. In reality it was formed of dried clay and turned into a shallow lake during the rainy season, for the valley was surrounded on all sides by the high embankments of the golden dunes, whose color contrasted sharply with the gray surface of the clay. Far away to the south we caught sight of the palm trees of two distant villages and then again we found ourselves clambering up and down the sides of lofty dunes through an immovable sea of sandy mountains and valleys in which it was impossible to orientate one's self properly since the footprints of the camels were blown away instantly by the wind. Even the sun was veiled, so for several hours we traveled in zigzags, climbing up heights and descending again, trying to find the right direction and wandering about in the sea of sand until sunset, when we suddenly stumbled upon a well-worn trail that led to the village of Duehra. This settlement, like others we had passed, consisted of a few scattered, walled farms in the midst of cultivated plots of land. We intended to be off at a very early hour the next morning, so instead of availing ourselves of the hospitality of the village we pitched camp in a fallow field outside.

FOUR days later we reached the province of Woshm, the 'corn chamber of the Nejd.' On the way there had been one memorable occurrence, on the ninth of December, when we were riding during the night hours. We noticed that the moon was visibly waning although,

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according to the day of the month, it should have been growing larger. This fact, coupled with its languid, golden-yellow light, made us aware that we were watching the beginning of an eclipse. My traveling companions, whose number had recently increased to seven since two men of the household of the Emir ibn Berik had joined us in Bereida, were loath to believe their eyes and looked anxiously over their shoulders from time to time to convince themselves that I spoke truly. An eclipse of the moon or sun always seems to the Arabians a tremendous and fearsome natural phenomenon, a token of divine wrath. Whenever the world is overrun by mortal sins, the moon or the sun, as the case may be, hides its face in aversion to deprive human beings of light, thus warning them of their evil deeds. Whenever there are signs of an eclipse the men of all the cities and villages gather in the mosques and offer up the longest supplications of the Koran, crying out in the most profound contrition for hours on end until the eclipse is over. There is nothing that affects them more deeply and, for this reason, I was not at all surprised when Saad ibn Isa, having persuaded himself of the reality of the eclipse, suddenly pulled up his camel and said in a faltering voice, 'Let us dismount . . . and pray.'

After the camels had been made to lie down and were chained by their front legs, the men grouped themselves in readiness for prayer. Saad led the chant, pronouncing verses from the Koran in a low voice. The deep nocturnal silence of the desert lay all about us as we crouched beneath the moon, which grew steadily smaller and darker behind the hurrying, torn filaments of cloud that half concealed it from our view. When it became totally dark Saad's voice was a smothered cry, and a great bearded fellow at my side sobbed audibly. The whole line of men stood behind their leader, shaking in the grip of a terrible emotion, their faces turned in the direction of Mecca. They bowed and prostrated themselves upon the ground, while many wept like children in the presence of a harsh father.

As light gradually returned the prayer ended and for an hour afterward we sat on the ground in a circle without speaking, until the face of the moon glistened unobscured. Then little Saad ibn Isa sprang up in great relief, unfastened the rope from the legs of his camel and called out, 'Now we can go on—praise be to Allah.' But a good share of the night had by now slipped away, since the eclipse of the moon had lasted a little over three hours, and we soon came to a stop again so that we might sleep through the few hours remaining before dawn.

NEXT morning we passed the village of Shedser and soon afterward saw the palm trees and walls of the city of Shakra in front of us. To our left in the west there rose a low table-land, the first spurs of the Jebel Tueik, the longest mountain range in the Nejd, forming a vast arc

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that opens toward the west. Shakra lies in a level depression between two widely separated mountain spurs, each of which has an old watch-tower upon its highest point. In case of war these towers, manned by a small company, would be entirely adequate to protect the plain of Shakra from a numerically superior enemy, for they serve the same purpose as fortresses at the entrance of a harbor. It was here that Ibn Rashid was defeated so decisively more than twenty-five years ago by the young Abdul Aziz ibn Saud that he never again dared to attack Riad, the chief city of Ibn Saud, and was henceforth compelled to confine himself to defensive warfare.

The city of Shakra, with its mud walls and fortifications, contains many groves of palms whose sturdy tops wave over the houses. Other gardens lie outside the city walls, but they in turn have their own walls, for the sand of the Nefud blows on this place strongly, piling up high embankments against gardens and walls alike. To reach the city gate one has to ride up over a series of high waves of sand, and then ride down again at the other side of the gate to the level of the streets.

At first our road ran among palm trees and was nothing more than a sandy furrow between gardens divided into small polygons by channels of water. But as we approached the first houses we noticed that the palm gardens were empty and that no people were walking in the streets, and we remembered that this was Friday and that now, just at midday, the men of the place would be worshiping in the mosque. Occasionally a woman with a black mantle drawn discreetly over her head came into view, only to draw quickly aside, pulling her black veil down still further with a frightened movement. Here and there young children were playing in the shadows along the street, small boys in soiled shirts and little girls dressed in red with black plaits of hair framing their wide eyes. The streets were tortuous, but Saad knew his way and as we rode through the narrow ravines between the mud walls it seemed as if visible warmth were emanating from the tops of the palm trees that towered over the walls. On this occasion we decided to break our usual rule and not accept the hospitality of the emir, for in this city he was only an insignificant functionary who had been transferred from Riad a short time before. However, Saad and I were personally acquainted with the chief citizen of Shakra, Abd-er-Rahman es-Sbeyi, who runs the Finance Bureau and has the reputation of being the greatest brag-gart and most gracious host in the entire Nejd. We therefore dismounted at the lofty open gate of his home and called into the courtyard, 'Boy, guests are here!'

SHAKRA, chief city of the province of Woshm, is situated in the middle of Arabia, and many hundred miles separated us from the nearest seaport and the world beyond. Yet we felt completely at home,

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for Arabian hospitality is always offered by gentle hands. The walls of the great room in which we sat were blackened by age and round pillars supported the canopied ceiling. This was the *kahua* of the royal finance director, Abd-er-Rahman. The host himself was not at home at the moment, since the Friday noonday period of prayer had not yet come to an end, but flames were already dancing under the brass coffee cans upon the hearth. My men were still busy unsaddling the camels in the courtyard below, but we already felt as much at home as if we had lived here for months. Hospitality only seems genuine when it is combined with the air of casualness that one finds in Arabia.

But presently we heard voices, inquiries, and cries in the courtyard, indicating that the master of the house had arrived. While he was still invisible he called out a greeting from the stairway, and our first glimpse of him was of his outstretched hands in the doorway. Behind the hands appeared a small, delicately built man with a merry face and a little brown beard. In spite of the heat he wore a fur-embroidered robe under his outer cloak of brown. We were to learn later that the robe was an historical article of apparel which had once been worn by the Sherif Husein, former king of the Hejaz, but which had become the property of Abd-er-Rahman when Mecca was plundered. Obviously he was very proud of this garment. He embraced us all, greeting our Saad ibn Isa with particular warmth, for they had long been friends. Conversation began with a series of 'whithers' and 'whences' and 'How is the Emir ibn M'saad, and did you, by any chance, have rain in the course of your journey, or at least hear reports of rain?' and the usual exchange of Arabian news. Then Abd-er-Rahman proceeded to tell stories. This is an irresistible urge with him, and when I raised my eyebrows in amazement at his incredible tales he laughed and said, 'Ah, you do not yet know me, my brother. I tell you that there are two kings in this country: Abdul Aziz ibn Saud is king over the people of the Nejd, while I myself am the king of all liars. Sometimes I speak the truth, but I never reveal it until afterward.'

IN THE evening an *achu* ('brother') joined the company in the *kahua*. He was a large, handsome man with the flashing eyes of a warrior. Over his red headcloth he wore a white turban, showing that he was one of the new Bedouins of the Nejd who exist only to battle for the faith. His greeting was brief and cautious and he examined us suspiciously as he settled himself against the opposite wall. I heard him whisper, 'Who are these heathen with white faces? And what is that young man [my adopted son, Heinrich Ahmed] doing with blue eyes?' Saad informed him that it was true that we came from heathen countries but that nevertheless we recognized the one faith. Whereupon the *achu* arose and kissed me upon both cheeks. He was a vigorous, proud

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person who loved to talk about his combats and who had belonged to a little band who had almost annihilated the much larger army of the Sherif Abdalla, son of ex-King Husein, near Taraba many years before. He recounted with enthusiasm the details of the battle:—

'The enemy were in the bed of a stream with all their cannon and machine guns and tents. They had made camp and it was already night. Our leader asked who among us wished to die for the faith, and told us that there was need of fifty men who would sacrifice themselves. Immediately five hundred answered his challenge, each one crying out, "Let me be chosen." The leader, Chaled, chose sixty and sent them secretly to a hill overlooking the enemy encampment. We had left our guns back with the camels and were armed only with daggers. At midnight we rushed down with fearful shrieks into the midst of the encampment, striking about us with our daggers fiercely.

'God Almighty visited confusion upon our enemies so that they did not know from what direction the attack was coming. We were in the midst of them and they shot at us and at their own people indiscriminately, for no one could tell who was an enemy and who a friend. The night was absolutely black. We, too, killed many of our own men in the darkness. We looked for Abdalla's tent—the curse of Allah be upon him—but we could not find it in the dark. One of his slaves awakened him in the nick of time and he fled, the dog, in shame and disgrace, in his nightshirt without any covering upon his head. His horse was very fleet and we could see it galloping rapidly past us, but we had no guns with us to shoot him down.

'In the meantime the cannoneers had recovered from their first terror and began to fire on Chaled's troops, who were storming the fork of the river. But their firing was of no avail. Although the fighting only lasted about a quarter of an hour, at the end of that time all of our enemies who had not run away were dead. We had killed 2,500 regular soldiers, and several hundred Bedouins of the Hejaz also fell. Later we heard that the Sherif Abdalla was filled with such profound horror that he rode day and night until he reached Mecca so that he might be the first to announce the defeat to his father. . . . That *was* a glorious battle! Of the sixty men in our attacking party all died except five for whom God was not ready. I was among those spared. Five hundred men of Chaled's troops met death; God was gracious to them and they are now enjoying the splendors of Paradise.'

The *achu's* eyes gleamed as he told us these things, and anyone who had not been able to understand the victories won by the men of the Nejd during the last few years could understand them now. Death in battle is the most desirable end, and he who turns his back to the enemy betrays his faith and his God. Among the Echuans a father who saw his son in flight would shoot him down without further reflection.

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HEAVY clouds covered the sky as we rode in the direction of Riad past the large village of Thermeda, which is known as the granary of the province. Not a single palm tree shaded the low, straggling houses of this settlement, and wide fields whose crops had been mowed down, since it was late autumn, stretched for many miles beyond the town. These fields were irrigated by tiny streams of water running in all directions and dividing the earth into patches.

That night, for the first time since we had left Hail, rain fell. We had just pitched camp among some low-lying, thorny bushes when the first heavy drops assailed us. Soon it was pouring. For the first time I regretted that I had so prematurely sent back the fine tent offered us by the Emir ibn M'saad, for we were compelled to spend the night in the open, entirely without shelter. We pulled our covers over our heads and felt the beating of the rain drops on them. At the end of half an hour everything was wet through, the covers and even the shirts on our bodies. The rain water flowed in little channels, zigzag fashion, over the sticky ground, and we lay literally in a pool. It was grievously cold and the hours of the night crept haltingly along. As the first traces of dawn appeared, the rain ceased but a cold wind had come up. Freezing and with chattering teeth we tried to build a fire of twigs from the wet bushes. It was a full hour before we succeeded, but the sight of the smoky, steaming blaze was a joy such as one can experience only in the desert after a night of rain. We took off our shirts to dry them at the fire and waited, clad only in our thin trousers, shuddering in the chill wind that blew under the overcast sky. Then we put on our shirts and removed our trousers to dry them, too. After this procedure our good spirits returned. We brewed hot coffee and tea, and in our restored good humor forgot the tribulations of the night.

During the morning we saw the Jebel Tueik ahead of us. At this point it formed a long, not particularly high table-land which made marvelous silhouettes against a sky of pearl gray, a fantastic play of lines forming incredible citadels, bastions, and towers, varying from one delicate color to another, from clear turquoise blue to emerald green and from rose to deep violet. Above the line of hills we could see tiny fragments of cloud being detached by a light, gentle breeze from a gray cloud mass and dissolving in colors that shimmered like a sea shell.

In the plain lay the village of Barra, a narrowly walled square of houses jutting out against the green background of a dense plantation of palm trees. It began to rain hard again, but this time the deluge did not particularly disturb us. We approached the village through muddy, rain-drenched fields, knowing that it would welcome us with low rooms where hospitable blazes would be burning upon the coffee hearths.

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ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

How to Be Everything but Happy

By Hilaire Belloc

From the *Saturday Review*, London Conservative Weekly

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN. You need advice. I will give you some. If you are wise you will take it.

You were born in my own station of life, that is, in the over-cultivated and penniless middle class. You have been trained to no profession. You have been to a public school. You have passed with or without distinction through one of those two old universities, the wide and profound learning of which is the envy of Europe. You find yourself with the modern world before you and you know not what to do. I will tell you.

Let us begin with the most important thing in life, which is money. If you have not yet appreciated the truth that money is everything, you will soon. You cannot in the modern world be even a free man without it; you have no opportunity of exercising choice, you are a bound servant; or, if you do not accept that condition, you are a rebel and suffer the pains of the rebel. All that you may have imagined to be somehow superior to money, culture or taste, the tone of the friends to whom you are accustomed, necessary leisure, choice, every kind of travel and experience, has for a first necessity money. Far more important, money alone brings you the respect of your fellow beings. It has been well said that man's standing with his fellows depends upon three factors, all of them turning upon money: with how much money he is connected; how long it has been possessed by the family; how long it is likely to remain in their possession. Still more important, money is the basis of your own respect for yourself, without which man's life is steeped in irremediable misery. There is no such thing to-day as a life of proud poverty. You may enjoy it to the most for a few hours, or, if you are very lucky, a few days, between your beginning of the experiment and your condemnation by the lawyers to your first term of imprisonment. Do not attempt it.

From all this you may perhaps rashly conclude that money in the largest possible amount should be your object, and that I am about to make public the rules for its attainment (which you hope to be so simple that even you can grasp them). Here you err. I am about to do nothing of the sort. Though it is true that in proportion to the amount of money

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you have are you admired, respected, and even loved by your fellow citizens, yet it is not true that in the same proportion do you acquire respect for yourself and that inner satisfaction, that moderate leisure, and, in general, that negative happiness which we all seek. For the attainment of these what is required is no very great sum but a sufficiency for living one's life among one's fellows after the fashion in which one has been brought up and with a margin ample enough to educate a child or two and to leave each with a lucrative profession or an independence.

TO SAY that, with a competence of this kind (say under post-War conditions £4,000 a year), you will satisfy ambition or even be looked up to by your fellows would be ridiculous, but with it you avoid embarrassment. It is embarrassment that kills a man, in mind and body and soul. It is embarrassment that breeds overwork, worry, dependence, and the bitter self-reproach of dependence.

Here you will say, 'Surely, since the larger the sum the greater the respect and glory, I should strain for the largest possible sum?' No; for in the attempt you risk far more than you gain. In every age the attainment of very great fortune has implied this condition. It has always been buying a pound for thirty shillings. To-day these vast amounts are to be attained only by various forms of theft and swindling of which the commonest is the using of special knowledge or judgment (real or imagined) for making others sell to you far below the true value and yourself selling to them far above it. Now it is a necessary part of this game that the winners (who make the laws and whom the system of justice and police is organized to serve) shall make it as difficult as possible for another to filch what they have obtained. Therefore, by a pretty paradox, precisely the same tricks which procure a man a great fortune if they just come off, land him in jail or in the gutter if they do not. I have lived long and watched many men, my contemporaries. Of those few who began life with the fixed determination to accumulate great sums, not one in ten has reached later middle age without grave misfortune. Of these only a minority have actually passed through prison, but the rest would violently admit that the game had proved disastrous for them. So leave it alone.

WELL, then, about that competence. Marry a woman who is a widow, childless, and possessed of sufficient means. Let her be of your own rank—perhaps a trifle above it, but nothing singularly so; even (if she have the advantage of greater means) slightly below it—but at least with nothing remarkable in the way of accent or manner. Choose her for judgment and good temper: the two requisites, and the only two, necessary to prolonged agreement. The poet, Hesiod, laid it

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down that the man should be about ten years older than the woman. But I tell you that the woman should be about ten years older than the man. Why a widow? Because she will understand men, she will not be too impatient of your selfishness and folly, and you will be compelled to respect her, which is necessary in the relations of men to women and even in some degree in women to men. Be sure that she will soon bring you to a state in which she will be able to pay even you some degree of respect.

Associate with the rich; study them carefully; flatter them after the fashion which they individually enjoy and collectively demand. All of them demand flattery, but one likes a spice of opposition, another bold adulation, a third some considerable intervals of neglect, or (let us say) of repose from your society. But while you associate with the rich, never make their society necessary to you, and never acquire habits which would strain your resources. Thus it is as well not to shoot, save very rarely; but you may ride occasionally (if you can acquire the art) and certainly you may practise billiards, lawn tennis, and all those other great activities which mark the governing classes of the state. Bridge, of course, is indispensable.

Neither give nor lend money with that loose emotion called 'charity.' It is a vice which grows on men and leads to infinite complications. Forbear to give one penny to individuals. Lend a little discreetly here and there, not with the object of relieving the borrower, but with some definite object of your own, such as a reputation with him or his attachment; or even (if you desire it) his absence. Write a little verse. Do not try to make it good, for you will fail; but see that it be not below a certain standard. For thoroughly bad verse renders men ridiculous, and to be ridiculous is to be damned. In this connection let me warn you against the epigram, the witty tale, and above all, a general jocularity. Men are only too willing to enjoy the amusement afforded by the buffoon, but they will treat him with increased contempt the more he serves them. In the matter of wine, confine yourself to champagne. If it makes you ill, drink a little of it; but drink *some*, you must. The habit common to the rich of pumping it up and down to get the bubbles out you will find a great help and comfort through your brief life and especially with the advance of years. As for red wine, it is silly to pretend any knowledge of it. Your contemporaries have long lost the faculty. It is merely literature, and you might as well be a foreigner at once.

ACCEPT insult. The phantom, 'honor,' is a source of untold misfortune to those who cling to it. But to do you justice I do not think you will be under any temptation. Insult in the modern world is rare, and when you have grown accustomed to occasional doses of it, you will hardly notice the taste. Run no man down, not even the poor,

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not even the dead; and here I would add a very hard commandment, but one the observance of which is essential. Do not even discuss other people behind their backs, save in the way of praise. This rule is particularly to be observed in the case of villains, and more particularly of those villains who steal public money, or in general abuse their position as public servants. Praise men according to their power; but praise all—remembering, however, not to wander into enthusiasm. And while you are praising, remember to praise a man for those talents in which you have noticed that he desires to shine but cannot.

The time will come, my dear young friend, when after the process of a life thus well spent, you will begin to feel the approach of a shadow, which is that of Death. Do not let it occupy your mind. Study carefully the health of your body, taking care to learn from your wealthier friends the names of specialists skillful in propping up and patching the teeth, the nose, the throat, the stomach, and other organs. Yet (and this is no light task) manage all the while to keep your mental visage turned away from the grave and those insoluble problems which it is a folly to attempt. By this I do not mean that you should ridicule the illusions of others, or such old-fashioned doctrines as may still survive among us. There is nothing upon which fools are more sensitive. But for yourself be rid of such whimsies altogether.

Do not tell me that it is impossible to avoid some consideration of your end. On the contrary, you may see the forgetfulness of it most successfully accomplished upon every side. An excellent tip, when you are finding the struggle too hard, is to take up some hobby, not too expensive, such as a collection of one lesser author of the past, such as Horace, or Rumanian pottery. Stamps are out of date. I have nothing to add save my sincere good wishes for your unfaltering conduct in such a life as I have prescribed for you, and my mournful assurance that though, toward its close, you will feel yourself not a little disappointed, you will at least have escaped the agonies, as also, of course, the triumphs and the vision and all the rest of it.

Farewell, and do not trouble me again.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America to the Fore

ONE OF THE LEADING newspapers in Japan, the *Osaka Mainichi*, devotes a long editorial to the increasingly important position of the United States in world affairs. It sees in the Kellogg Pact an American alternative to the League of Nations; it describes the Young Plan as a triumph for American diplomacy; and it asserts that the London Naval Conference marks the eclipse of Great Britain as the strongest nation in the world. Here are some of the outstanding paragraphs:—

The origin of the Kellogg-Briand Pact is traceable to the treaty of security for France made at the Versailles Conference. The motive for which France suggested that pact cannot be regarded as perfectly concurrent with the purpose incorporated into it by America. America seized the suggestion with clever statesmanship, made adroit use of it to her advantage, and developed it into a multilateral convention to create an international organization standing side by side with the League of Nations. This proved a wonderful success on the part of America. Even persons who condemn the War Outlawry Treaty as devoid of substantial value will not go the length of denying that America has won a spiritual victory.

The question of the German reparations, though it was called the cancer of Europe and the mortal disease of the world, has been solved through the influence of America. The fact that the extraordinary amount of indemnities, specified at 66,000,000,000 gold marks, was cut down one-fourth by virtue of the Young Plan is no doubt attributable in a large extent to the exceptional prestige of America. This is an event that deserves to be recorded as an epoch-making achievement and as a triumph for American diplomacy.

In reference to the armament limitation conference, carried over to 1930, it can be said that America is going to bring a lawsuit against Great Britain in connection with successorship to the bequest or legacy left by the ancient Roman Empire. It may well be that the American victory over Great Britain in the preparatory negotiations indicates an American diplomatic advance. As viewed from the standpoint of America, the London Conference is an extension of the Washington Parley and a vengeance upon Great Britain for the reverses of the Geneva three-power meeting, and it is the beginning of a move to deprive Great Britain of her position in international politics.

Frankly, we believe that the age of Great Britain has already passed away, or is passing away, and that an age of Americanism is coming in its place. Anglo-Saxon dictatorship was a set phrase at one time, but now has come a period in which one Anglo-Saxonism is confronting another Anglo-Saxonism. This state of international affairs is far more threatening than that of Anglo-German rivalry.

Mencken through German Eyes

WHEN MR. H. L. MENCKEN was paying his recent visit to the Fatherland he attracted to himself a number of comments that show how proudly Germany follows the destinies of its descendants abroad. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, for instance, devoted a whole

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column to reciting the achievements of Mr. Mencken, who is described as the most critical person in the United States:—

For the past twenty years he has been pouring out an incessant stream of bitterness on everything that America takes most pride in: its religion, its Puritanism, its morality, and its democracy. In his magazine he has instituted a department known as 'Americana' in which he collects and scourges every absurd happening in all the forty-eight states of the Union. He is a humorous iconoclast, something like Heine or Voltaire, except that his laughter is younger and more lusty, and free from all poison and maliciousness. He has none of the bile of the professional reformer. He turns everything into a joke and lays about him, ridiculing the President and Congress, professors, intellectuals, scribes, and prophets. His more naïve countrymen do not know whether he is a devil or a madman, or even whether he is to be taken seriously at all. For his own part, being a skeptic, he is not in earnest about himself so long as he is able to maintain his own independence, and can jeer at the pompous solemnity with which his fellow citizens pursue their stupid missions. Like Dreiser, Hergesheimer, and many other American writers, Mencken is a German from Lower Saxony. One of his ancestors, Otto Mencken, published the first German learned periodical, *Acta Eruditorum*, in the seventeenth century. Mencken's grandfather emigrated from Leipzig to America in the year 1848 and a close relative of his, Wilhemine Mencken, was Bismarck's mother.

Prohibition's First Ten Years

THERE ARE FEW American topics on which the press of London comments with more whole-souled glee than on Prohibition. It was not to be expected, therefore, that the report of the Wickersham Commission, appearing as it did on the tenth anniversary of the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment, should have passed unnoticed. Here is what the Conservative *Morning Post* has to say:—

It is almost to a day ten years since the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified by proclamation, and the Volstead Act, for the enforcement of the law, came into operation. Yet we now learn, on the authority of this National Commission, that the law has not yet had a fair trial. In other words, it has become more and more obviously difficult to enforce the law—as to the advisability of which the Commission, by the way, is not ready to make a final report. But it is significantly pointed out that the observance of the law cannot be separated from 'the views and habits of the American people'; and to give emphasis to that admonition it is recorded that in the last fiscal year 80,000 persons from every part of the United States were arrested. What, then, must have been the colossal numbers of the lawbreakers who escaped arrest! No doubt the resources of the American Government, if they are really stretched, are capable of dragooning even a population of one hundred and twenty millions into obedience to a law which is repugnant to what the report describes as 'the conception of natural rights classical in our policy.' As the schoolmaster in *Vice-Versa* exclaimed: 'I will instill a spirit of cheerfulness into this school, if I have to thrash every boy within an inch of his life.' By the Commission's measures, or by others more drastic, the American nation may be compelled to renounce its liberty; but is not the end attained derisory at such a price?

America's So-Called Literature

ERNST TOLLER, the German revolutionary poet who has served time in jail in his own country and has more recently visited the United States, shoots this devastating broadside at the cautious, materialistic literature now being fabricated in this country:—

In America the importance of an author is based on standards entirely different from those in our country. He is at once stronger and weaker. He is a thousand times stronger in the material, personal, and public aspects

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of his success, but he is nevertheless weaker spiritually. It could almost be said that a purely spiritual success in our sense of the word does not exist in America, and that if it does come it can only result from a material success having been won first. The result is that the few really successful writers enjoy no real significance in the mind of the general public.

When an author runs into many editions and becomes a best seller, when it is generally known that he is worth a certain amount of money, then the columns of all the newspapers are open to him. Only then can he become spiritually independent, but by that time he only gets what he deserves, for he must have an opinion on every conceivable problem of existence, even on matters of which he is quite ignorant and on which he may have nothing important to say. No one asks what manner of man he is, but only what his name is worth.

The press is merely a barometer that measures the value of the writer. After he is a best seller he can write heretical books, up to a certain point, of course, and contribute critical essays to the general magazines, but he must not attack the present social system. His financial success is respected and he is overwhelmed with offers. Moreover, no writer conducts his own business. That is done by his manager, his literary agent, who grasps every opportunity to work the market of commercial literature.

There are, however, indications that times are changing. Writers whose success will not be commercial but intellectual are being demanded by young people recruited from the ranks of students and of the poor, uninfluential, but enlightened workers. It is this group who have supported and championed most of the new American authors that we know in Germany, and many of them have had to wait a long time before attracting a large body of followers. Yet even to-day Dreiser, O'Neill, and, to a certain extent, Sinclair Lewis are not famous writers in the European sense of the word. As for Upton Sinclair, he is officially outlawed and many bookstores refuse to handle his works. His world-wide success is ignored. The writer in America is a useful member of bourgeois society, like the shopkeeper or engineer. Writing is not a critical, judicial, analytical activity, carried on often in opposition to the prevailing order, but is a function of a well-ordered middle-class existence. Since everyone wants to be wealthy and support the present scheme of things, it would be unthinkable for any intellectual, moral, or artistic opposition to win a widespread success. Every destructive tendency is at once stigmatized as unhealthy or Bolshevistic, but, as I said before, all this may change presently. Perhaps the present period of economic crises, when so many political and moral revisions are on the way, will hasten the process.

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WAR AND PEACE

All these items are taken from the speeches made in London at the opening of the Five-Power Naval Conference

Since the Great War all peoples are determined that human statecraft shall leave nothing undone to prevent repetition of that grim and immense tragedy. In the interests of peace which we are seeking to build up one of its most important columns is agreement between the maritime nations on the limitation of naval strength and reduction to a point consistent with national security.—*King George V.*

There are risks on whichever side one leans, but I take it that the practical view is that political securities must determine the amount of military preparations; that excessive military preparation is not only a waste of national resources but a weakening of political security; that the military preparation that any one nation feels to be necessary at any given moment must be determined to a considerable degree by the military preparations of other nations, so that no nation is free, except by international agreement, to pursue the policy of disarmament beyond certain rigidly defined limits.—*J. Ramsay MacDonald.*

I feel it is important to emphasize the fact that we do not look upon this effort toward disarmament as final. Naval limitation is a continuous process. We regard disarmament as a goal to be reached by successive steps, by frequent revision and improvement.—*Henry L. Stimson.*

The problem before us in its exact terms is the following: Our success in the limited task we are undertaking will open the way to success of the whole effort for disarmament. Our failure might postpone it for an indefinite period.—*André Tardieu.*

A sense of international solidarity is inborn in the Italian people—all its history and the doctrines of its great thinkers bear witness to this fact—and we are deeply convinced of the need of an international understanding as a basis for that reciprocal confidence which is so essential for pacific progress.—*Dino Grandi.*

She [Japan] is ready to effect not merely a limitation but an actual reduction in naval strengths, which she considers to be an appropriate and necessary programme of peace, as well as a measure for relieving the nations from onerous financial burdens. Her only concern is to keep the sense of national security of the people undisturbed by retaining such force as is adequate for the defense of the empire but not sufficient for offensive operations.—*Reijiro Wakatsuki.*

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Books Abroad

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. *By H. M. Tomlinson. London: William Heinemann; New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*

(*New Statesman,* London)

I AM, I think, being a little unjust to Mr. Tomlinson's book in classing it among those which are at once very long and about the War. It is very long, but it is the story of a generation rather than of any one episode in its life and the War does not begin until nearly halfway through. It is a book that no other living man could have written; it is signed unmistakably again and again. And yet, with all my admiration for its author, I cannot bring myself to like it. The charge of having written an 'essayist's novel' is one too easy to throw at a successful essayist. It might almost have been thrown at Dickens when *Pickwick Papers* succeeded *Sketches by Boz*. There is no conceivable reason why an essayist should not write a good novel, and he very frequently does. But Mr. Tomlinson does not. His book is full of good things. It opens splendidly with a description of the launching of a ship. It contains, among other episodes, one that is already famous—the story of the French colonel who took his hunting horn with him when he dined in a British mess, a story which elevates the sheerly absurd to such a pitch of mysterious fantasy that it produces the effect of poetic imagination. But these and a hundred more admirable things are simply fragments adrift and unconnected with one another. Between fragment and fragment it is hard to maintain any interest in the characters, even to remember who they are and what they were doing last. Perhaps if Mr. Tomlinson would restrict his range a little he might achieve more coherence and a more continuous interest. There are pages here which suggest that he could write an unsurpassed novel of newspaper life. I wish he would try. Fleet Street still awaits the novelist who will neither romanticize nor vulgarize its peculiar activities, and it is a task worthy not only of Mr. Tomlinson's experience but also of his subtle observation and discrimination.

TURKEY AND SYRIA REBORN. *A Record of Two Years of Travel. By Harold Armstrong. London: The Bodley Head. 1930. 15 shillings.*

(*Morning Post,* London)

The author of this captivating travel book has had a long experience of the lands and peoples he describes in a style which is manifestly the man himself. He played an intimate part in the formative events of 1918–1923 from which the New Turkey struggled into existence, and all he then did, saw, and heard is set forth in *Turkey in Travail*, which is full of unpalatable truth and history that even now is deliberately ignored.

In 1927 he returned to Syria and Turkey as a delegate of the Commission of Assessment of War Damage. Landing at Beirut, he journeyed to Damascus, back through the countryside of the Maronites, and then from Tripoli to Latakia and the mountains of the mysterious Nusari. By way of Antioch, Aleppo, and Alexandretta he proceeded to Turkey proper and spent much time in the Turkish villages of the Taurus and the Anatolian plateau before finally reaching Angora, the new capital. The result of many months of travel is this frank and fearless exposition of the present condition of Syria and Turkey (which does not spare those who control them, least of all the French officials) combined with vivid impressions of the life of the inhabitants thereof, 'close-ups' secured at the cost of much discomfort and no little danger.

There can be no doubt as to the ruthless, even brutal, efficiency of Mustapha Kemal, one of the strongest links in that curious chain of dictators which extends from Spain to Afghanistan, and confutes Trotski's dictum (in 1919) that mankind has at last grown up and needs no longer the guidance of God, man, or institution. It is also evident that the dictator who *is* modern Turkey, being the most absolute of all such autocrats, has found efficient subordinates. But they are few in number, and are driven almost to frenzy by the procrastinations and all-round inefficiency of their minor officials and the sloth and backwardness of the mass of their people. The fez and coffee at receptions and the segregation of women—at any rate, the women of the ruling class—have been abolished. And, in destroying old customs and

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creating a new régime, they have at any rate the help of that all-pervading post-War materialism which reaches its climax in American civilization so-called. But, if it be possible, is it all really worth while? Captain Armstrong does not answer this question in his remarkable book, but how he rejoices when, in visiting Ahmed Bey of Adalia, he spends an old-fashioned evening, with its hundred-and-one ceremonies of hospitality in 'the old Turkey which I had known and loved and which was still untouched by the Revolution.'

THE LOST CHILD. *By Rahel Sanzara. London: Gollancz. 1930. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $2.50.*

(*Sunday Times*, London)

The Lost Child comes to this country with a big reputation. It is, surprisingly, a first novel. Even more surprisingly it is the work of a comparatively young woman, a well-known German actress who wishes to preserve her anonymity. The Berlin critics professed themselves staggered by its clarity, its stern beauty, and, not least, by its strangely haunting story. In Vienna they could speak of it as 'the finest book ever written by a woman.'

It is not that, but it is a wholly astonishing book. It is also a very terrible book, for, to be candid, it is a detailed and most dramatic presentation of one of the most dreadful 'cases' with which psychologists are called on to deal. And in general I should be inclined to say such a subject belongs to the medical manuals; it is out of place in a novel. Yet this German woman has, almost miraculously, given real nobility and real beauty to something that to most people must be profoundly distasteful. In the old days they would have said of the poor farm lad who murders his beloved master's little daughter that he was possessed of a devil, and they would have been right. Fritz *is* possessed by the foulest of all devils, and for him there is only one ghastly path to freedom. And this he takes, only half understanding what he is doing, while in prison, and I cannot imagine the reader who will not be most deeply moved, even if he be unutterably shocked.

For there is more than a touch of the sublime in the book. The portrait of Fritz himself, normally so gentle and hard-working, but periodically swept into a maelstrom, is a little masterpiece. There is not a false touch in all its thousand details. But there are others almost as startling. Fritz's mother, who, in spite of her love for him, can be the chief instrument in bringing him 'to justice,' and Christian, his master, who, living up to his name, can forgive and, in the end, serve his daughter's murderer—you may think at first that the author has been too daring, but in the end you understand that they, too, are no less authentic.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CALVIN COOLIDGE. *London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Cosmopolitan. 1929. $3.00.*

(*Manchester Guardian*)

A large sum is reported to have been paid by the American magazine which purchased the serial rights in these memoirs. The transaction was doubtless highly remunerative for publisher as well as writer. It is the reader who comes poorly off. Now that the successive chapters are collected in a volume, the book attracts attention as one of the thinnest autobiographies of this or any other season. A third of it is taken up by the story of Mr. Coolidge's boyhood and youth up to his admission to the bar at the age of twenty-five. This section consists largely of a not very interesting description of life in rural New England. Here and there, however, we can discern in it a foreshadowing of the president that was to be. Mr. Coolidge's prudential bent comes out, for instance, in his discovery, while an Amherst student, that 'making fun of people in a public way was not a good method to secure friends or likely to lead to much advancement,' and in his consequent decision to avoid such conduct scrupulously in future. 'Cautious Cal,' even so early! His practical philosophy is expressed elsewhere in numerous generalizations of the type that used to be

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described as copy-book headings. 'Nothing is more dangerous to good government than great power in improper hands,' 'Fate bestows its rewards on those who put themselves in the proper attitude to receive them,' 'Few men are lacking in capacity, but they fail because they are lacking in application'—the book is thickly strewn with such sage reflections as these.

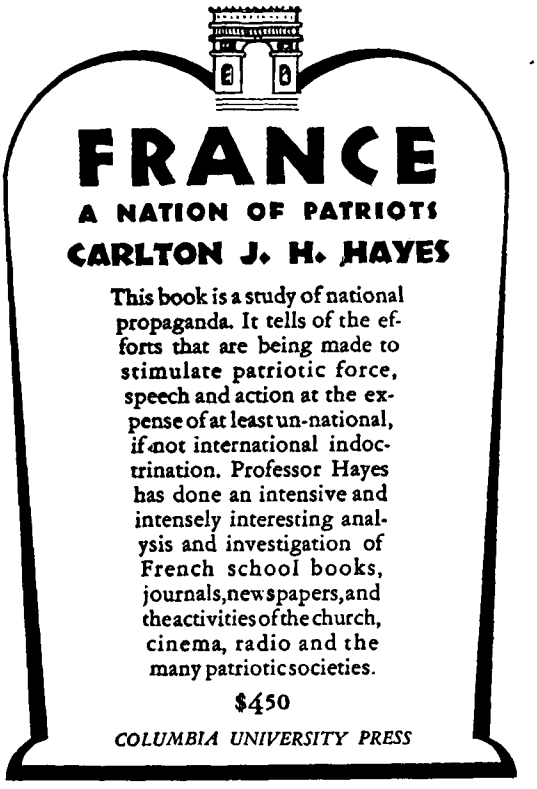
The chapters covering Mr. Coolidge's six years at the White House make no contribution to the history of the period. Their sole value lies in their picture of the everyday duties of the Presidency. Mr. Coolidge gives us his own programme in considerable detail, even communicating to the world the menu of his usual breakfast—'fruit and about one-half cup of coffee with a home-made cereal made from boiling together two parts of unground wheat with one part of rye,' to which was added 'a roll and a strip of bacon, which went mostly to our dogs'—and recording his preference for old-fashioned razors, which he knows how to keep in good condition. Perhaps it should be added that his literary style is lucid and direct, and conforms to the normal standard of American English. 'During these two years,' he writes, 'I spoke some and lectured some.'

SIBERIAN GARRISON. *By Rodion Markovits. Translated by George Halasz. London: Peter Davies; New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.*

(*Manchester Guardian*)

We have had War novels from England, France, Germany, and America; now one from Hungary. And yet there is very little of Hungary about it. For the *personæ* of it are not infrequently Czech and the scene is for the most part a prison camp in Siberia. And there is very little war about it, for the rigidly anonymous hero is captured almost on his first appearance near the front lines.

It hardly needed the brief life given on the dust cover to assure us of the large autobiographical element in this account of a lost army of Hungarians who, captured in 1915, attempted after Brest-Litovsk to return to their country from their prison in Siberia; and who then, foiled by the appalling confusion of this period, of their own will returned to their desolate camp and there for a while created a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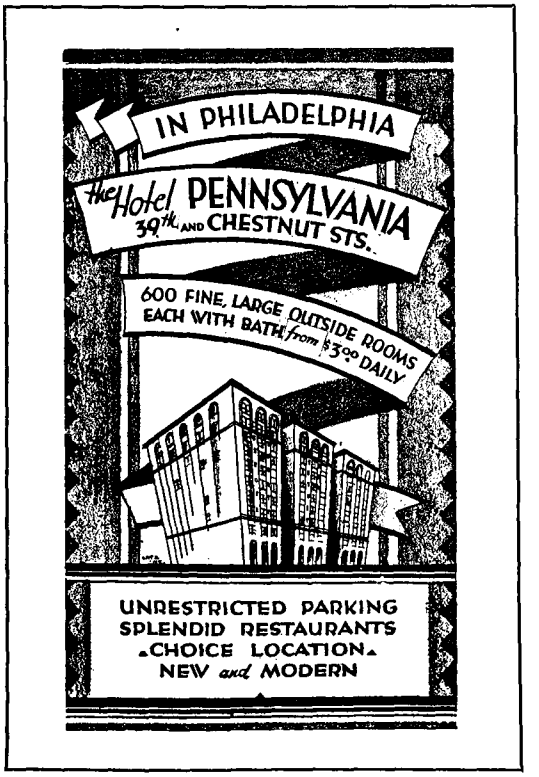

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bizarre city of exiles, until a small remnant wandered home in 1921. Throughout, the narrative bears the imprint of the eyewitness. Perhaps this is responsible for the queerly staccato style, which is at times rather irritating to read; it may in part be due to the translator, but the general excellence of his work in other ways suggests that this also is a faithful reproduction of the original.

But once this initial difficulty is overcome the book is of absorbing interest. No such aspect of the War has ever been treated before, and to this charm of novelty is added the charms of vivid description and eloquent characterization. On reading about the petty, and in the circumstances utterly futile, jealousies, animosities, and formalities of these prisoners one can see some of the reasons for the collapse of the Central Powers. These Hungarians nowhere exhibit the indomitable optimism which could apologize for the mischances of war with a half-fatalistic 'C'est la guerre,' or dismiss them with a cheerfully resigned 'San fairy ann.' Nor, again, do they exhibit either the patriotic insistence upon the justice of their cause or even the old pagan joy in fighting that marks some of the books from the country of their allies.

We have the picture of an empire in its decadence; even the Czechs in their rebellion are too shamefaced to be admirable, and their patriotism is too immature to contain any promise for the future. It is a searching and candid book, and for this no less than for the originality of its theme it deserves a place beside the best of the literature that the late War has so lavishly produced.

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THE JEWS IN THE CHRISTIAN ERA. *By Laurie Magnus. London: Ernest Benn. 1929. 15 shillings.*

(*The Times*, London)

Mr. Magnus gives us an excellent 'companion' to Jewish historical studies. He has set himself the task of tracing the contact of Jews and Christians in Europe, and his book will be found of considerable value to the general reader. This book is not so much a text-book of history as a study in humanism. The author is more interested in the spirit of Judaism as a whole than in the careers of individual Jews or the fortunes of particular communities. He does not treat of Judaism as a system of theology, nor does he set himself the rôle of a pleader. His purpose is to depict the manner in which the Jewish spirit has found expression, first in the life of the Jew and then, through the Jew, in the life of his Christian neighbor.

For two reasons such a book was needed. Primarily owing to the éclat of the Balfour Declaration and the mandate, to say nothing of recent events in Palestine, there has been too great a tendency to accept the Zionist interpretation of the Jewish past and expectation of the Jewish future on purely nationalist lines. Zionism, however, is but a temporary incident; Judaism is spiritual, and the materialist estimate of Judaism needs some such corrective as this book provides. Furthermore, this book was needed because of two false economic conceptions of the Jews that tend to cancel each other, the one maintaining that the evils of capitalism and the other that the evils of socialism are to be attributed to the insidious artifices of the Jews. That neither the hidden hand of Bolshevism nor the ramifications of international finance are essentially Jewish Mr. Magnus does not condescend to argue. His method is to leave the Jewish spirit to tell its own tale.

This is far from being the first incursion of Mr. Magnus into the field of literature. He has made a name for himself as a writer on humanism and belles-lettres. A pleasing succession of epigrams flows naturally from his pen and lacks every suspicion of artificiality. This style serves him in good stead here, for to deal with eighteen centuries in one book demands exceptional powers of terseness and restraint. To the general reader the book will be found of great use. On the European side it is learned; the author shows a rich knowledge of first-hand sources. On the Hebrew side he has, however, failed to cite the *Responsa*—which are to Jewish history what charters and documents should be to English history. For this reason those who are already acquainted with standard books on Jewish history will find no new information or original material in this volume. But they will find original ideas and novel treatment, and they will agree that an hour spent on this book will give them much pleasure and some profit.

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